AN EXAMINATION OF Mr *POPE*'s ESSAY ON MAN.

Tranſlated from the *French* of

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PREFACE.

I DO not remember that ever I experienc'd the Power of Poetry ſo ſtrongly as in Mr Pope's Eſſay. *What Author is there who is not loſt in a Tranſlation? And what Poet who is not miſrepreſented in Proſe? If any are to be excepted,* Mr Pope *is one of the firſt. We find in him one of the moſt judicious Remarks in* Horace *exactly verify'd.*

" *IT is not enough to conſtitute a Poem,*
" *that the Verſes be compoſed of certain*
" *Words in Number and Meaſure, if, when*
" *you diſplace them, the Expreſſions are re-*
" *duced to mere Proſe. But change the Si-*
" *tuation and Order of theſe Words as much*
" *as you pleaſe, there will always remain*
" *a certain noble and ſublime Air, that ſtill*
" *retains the Rapture of Poetry.*"

THE Juſtice which I have now done Mr Pope *is agreeable to the public Voice. This goes ſo far, that I have ſeen ſeveral of his Readers admire him, like the reſt, tho' they did not underſtand him, and indeed were very far from underſtanding him. I am pleaſed with thinking that a few Lines from his Pen have had Credit enough to reconcile the Vulgar to the Notion of a Plurality of Worlds, which a great many Perſons, even now, refuſe to admit. However, this is a Notion that our Age has great Reaſon to congratulate itſelf upon; it ſeems to me to be of very great Uſe to raiſe our Admiration of the incomprehenſible Infinity of our Creator.*

I never find myſelf more ſenſibly touched with the Pleaſure of Exiſting, than when I apply myſelf to run through the Gradations of Beings. The little Knowledge which I have in the Anatomy of Plants, and their Fruits, makes them already appear to me a Subject worthy of exhauſting my Admiration. I loſe myſelf in the Search of the Diſtribution of their Claſſes, their Genera, Species, and Individuals, which, cloſely examin'd, preſent new and undeterminable Differences between them

them. What Tranſports do I feel when I attend to what Mr De Reaumur *has diſcover'd to us (which he makes us hope that he will ſtill continue to do) about the ſmalleſt of animal Beings, and which the Ignorance and ſtupid Negligence of Men made them look upon with ſo much Contempt! In Proportion as my Taſte for the Knowledge of Nature grows ſtrong and advances, it ſeems to me that our Earth alone contains Wonders enough to take up whole Lives infinitely longer than mine.*

OUR Sun gives Light to fifteen other Planets, and perhaps a greater Number too far off to be viſible to our Sight. Teleſcopes have taught us that the Number of Suns is above all Computation, and that beyond this innumerable Multitude, whoſe Diſtance ſurpaſſes all Imagination, it is very probable that an unbounded Immenſity is ſtill filled with Creatures, for the Wiſdom and Power of God are abſolutely infinite.

BUT what is this Syſtem itſelf of innumerable Creatures, infinite as it is ſuppoſed, compared with the Infinity of God? There is an infinite Diſtance, between what receiv'd its whole Exiſtence elſewhere, and the true Being,

Being, the abſolutely Infinite, whoſe Exiſtence is neceſſarily eternal.

WHAT am I then, a little Particle, an Atom of this Immenſity? What am I, in compariſon of the adorable infinite God? Nothing. I loſe ſight of myſelf in this Abyſs: But I ſoon find myſelf again, and that with Rapture. I am a Part of this immenſe Work: The almighty Hand of its great and all-powerful Author formed me too. He ſaw, and ſtill ſees all his Works. There is none but exiſts by him, none but what is preſent to him. There is no Object ſo little, upon which it is ſo eaſy for me to fix my Sight, as for him to make an infinite Number preſent to him. I am then honoured with his Regard, I have nothing from myſelf, but all from him. How glorioufly does this Thought draw me from Non-Exiſtence! *I ſeem to myſelf coming out of* nothing. *In this Suppoſition I find myſelf obliged conſtantly to ſtudy myſelf, in order to acquire a Knowledge of all that I have received, and render Thanks to the adorable Author of my Being for all his Gifts, and to confirm myſelf in the Uſe that I ought to make of them. If I was an Effect of Chance, if I knew neither from whence*

whence I came, nor to what I was appointed, my own Exiſtence would be a Burthen to me, and I could not have any Regard for it. But as I am the Work of my God, the Creator of the Univerſe, I cannot help congratulating myſelf upon my Exiſtence: I cannot help loving, praiſing, and reverencing myſelf, and fearing to diſhonour myſelf by Negligencies and Deviations. Since I am no longer for myſelf, all my Deſires tend to diſcover what I ought to do with myſelf: With this Deſire theſe Ideas ariſe: I find in myſelf a Monitor that teaches me what I ought to be employ'd in while I live, and perſuades me what I have to hope for after Death. With a Fear, however, of being flatter'd by theſe agreeable Hopes, and deceiving myſelf in the Choice of my Employments, I come to perceive a Light which Socrates *had ſo much wiſh'd for, and which he hop'd that God would honour Mankind with. I convince myſelf of the Truth of a* Revelation, *which gives an unſhaken Conſtancy to all that* Reaſon *had already inſtructed me in, and preſents me ſtill with new Objects and new Hopes. It is ſo far from being poſſible that the giving myſelf up*

to

to these glorious Expectations should be suspected of Pride, that it would be Ingratitude, Shame, Haughtiness, and Brutality, not to tend with all my Powers to that Rank to which I am called. Infinite Goodness has created Men capable of making a free Choice, capable of Self-determination, in order to enter into Treaty with them, to be loved of them by Choice, to honour them by a Goodness that surpasses all Understanding, by Returns of his Affection towards Beings capable of giving themselves to him, from whom they received all, and to whom they entirely belong.

WHOEVER will follow these Truths, (and where is it that they do not lead to?) Whoever will make Tryal of them, will find here the solid and infinite Happiness for which our Soul was formed. And as there is one Aliment the most common of all, and of which the rest have need, in order to make them the better relished, in like manner is there a Stock of Reflections, which is the Basis of our Pleasure, and heightens the Value of all the innocent Amusements that Life presents us with. All the Charms of Sight, all the Delights of Music, all the

Relish

Reliſh of Fruits and other Food, all the Pleaſure of Converſe, all the Joys of Friendſhip, derive a new Value, and are infinitely enhanced by the Conſideration that theſe are the Gifts of the great Governor of the Work, by whom we are beloved.

BY Thoughts like theſe we animate ourſelves with a freſh Vigor to fulfil our Duties. What a new Matter of Admiration is this! To what does this Duty tend? To perfect ourſelves, and render us uſeful to other Men, our Equals, our Brethren, who are the Work of our common Maſter, and therefore Subjects worthy of our Affection, Eſteem, and Reſpect.

PERSONS of this Turn of Thought bend all their Attention to become true, ſincere, and friendly; they diſtribute with Joy their external Goods, and with ſtill greater Earneſtneſs thoſe of their Mind; they apply themſelves with the utmoſt Care to a ſcrupulous Examination, in order to aſſure themſelves of what is true, and to introduce it in the Mind of others, who are not ſo capable of inſtructing themſelves.

THESE are a Series of Ideas which came into my Mind upon reflecting on ſome

Lines

Lines of Mr Pope's Eſſay. *Tho' I have written them, it was not with a Deſign to prejudice my Readers either in Favour of the* Eſſay *itſelf, or the* Examination *which I have taken the Liberty to make of it. My only End was to give my Readers ſome Aſſiſtance to form right Notions of the Subject both of the one and the other.*

AN

AN EXAMINATION OF Mr *POPE*'s ESSAY ON MAN.

To Monſ. --------, *&c.*

YOU requeſt, Sir, that I would communicate to you the Thoughts which occurr'd to me upon reading Mr *Pope*'s Eſſay. It is a Pleaſure to obey you; indeed I can refuſe you nothing, and I am at leiſure. But do not let it enter into your Thoughts to look upon what I am going to write, as a Criticiſm; for you will be extremely miſtaken. From my Youth I have always felt

a great Averſion for that Spirit; the very Name of it is odious to me. My firſt Inclination carries me to acquieſce in whatever is propos'd to me. I have always need of Violence to bring myſelf to object, and nothing ever determines me to an Examination, but the Fear of deceiving myſelf, and afterwards drawing others into Miſtakes. Beſides, I am too well acquainted with the Charms of Poetry, to engage with a Poet who has already acquir'd ſo great a Name.

THRO' a *Proſe Tranſlation* I feel the Power of his Enthuſiaſm; I have never talk'd on this Subject with any one Perſon, who has not own'd that Mr *Pope* is at leaſt a ſhining Author. It concerns the Intereſt of Mankind that Geniuſes of this Character ſhould be likewiſe judicious and circumſpect. Their Errors are contagious, we give into them with Pleaſure, and 'tis not without Difficulty that we diſſent; eſpecially, when they think in ſuch a Manner as tends ever ſo little to favour the ruling Paſſions, and in general that Inclination ſo univerſal in Men, to direct

rect themſelves according to their own Opinions, and not to bear their Satisfaction to be moleſted by any Reproach. I am far from prejudicing myſelf againſt Mr *Pope*, by imagining that his End was to countenance ſuch Inclinations, and to gain Applauſe from Readers of this Character. I have ſuppoſed him to have had in view that End I wiſh'd him. In reading him I have endeavoured to turn his Expreſſions into a good Senſe, and have conſtantly been fearful of laying ſuch Principles to his Charge as I could not avoid condemning.

THE Subject he has undertook to write upon requires our chief Regard, and 'tis of the utmoſt Importance to us to be ſolidly inſtructed in it. God is an Object infinitely more exalted, and therefore more worthy our Attention. But if we do not know ourſelves, how ſhall we arrive at the Knowledge of God our Creator? What can we do more to our Advantage than to inform ourſelves clearly in theſe Queſtions? *Have I always exiſted? If my Exiſtence had a Beginning, am I an Effect of Cauſes which have no Intelligence? which*

act without an End? and which form'd me without knowing why or how they adjusted the Parts of my Body, and caused this Self of mine which thinks, to be born with this Body?

IN order to acquire the Knowledge of what I am, it is expedient to examine my Body: This Application is very far from being a Matter of Indifference. It is still of more Importance to ask one's self — *Am I, who think, a Part of this Body? Or am I a Substance distinct from it? I find myself capable of forming Ideas, of comparing them, of perceiving their Connections or Oppositions, of acquiescing in Principles, and drawing Consequences from them. If I neglect to make use of these Talents and Gifts, which the Author of my Nature has endowed me with, shall not I be answerable for the Ignorance in which I live? And if I do not make a good Use of them, shall not I be answerable too for the Errors into which I may fall?*

THIS is, I think, a rough Draught of the Method in which we should study ourselves. But one may be both a Philoso-

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pher and Poet. To write as a Philoſopher we muſt conform ourſelves to this Method, or one like it; whereas, a Poet is the Maſter of his Subject, and in this Quality he diſpoſes it as he thinks proper. The Philoſopher takes a Pride in giving Inſtruction, in reſolving Difficulties, and diſſipating Doubts and Obſcurities. But the Poet, without any Intention to deceive, aims to ſurprize, to agitate, and wholly to engage his Reader. Mr *Pope*'s Eſſay in particular ſeems to me an Imitation of the Epic Poem. *Homer* begins his with the *Wrath* of *Achilles*, and in his Progreſs finds means to recur to the Original of the *Trojan* War. Mr *Pope* begins his *Eſſay on Man*, by attacking his Pride; and his Enthuſiaſm inflaming his Averſion and Contempt of this Vice, he cannot ſuffer any thing which has the leaſt Tendency to it, even in the Chiefs of the Univerſe. After having fall'n ſeverely upon their Ambition, he gives himſelf the utmoſt Liberty, and his Reader too grants it him, with regard to Man in general. He begins with promiſing a good deal; and his Reader

allur'd thereby, takes heart to follow him thro' all his bold Career. He makes him hope for Diverſion, v. 15. but 'tis an innocent one. ———

Laugh where we muſt, ----

This we are obliged to him for. Afterwards he gains our Eſteem by adding ——

------- *be candid where we can.*

And at laſt we reſpectfully give ourſelves up to his Guidance, when he finiſhes the Period in Terms ſo becoming a Man of Senſe ———

But vindicate the Ways of God to Man. v. 16.

He is to ſpeak of the reſt *en paſſant:* But this is the End, we expect, he will never loſe Sight of.

AFTER an Invitation to Rapture and Wit, which we ſhould find it difficult to refuſe, Mr *Pope* enters upon his Subject, and gives us reaſon to hope that he will at once

once treat of God and Man†. This Plan is a very judicious one. What Benefit would the Knowledge of ourſelves afford us, if we remain ignorant of our Creator? I know nothing of myſelf, if I know not from whence I came. It is with great Propriety too that he adds, 'Tis ours to ſeek God in that World wherein he has placed us *. This Notion is exactly agreeable to that of thoſe ſage Divines who put a Diſtinction between ſearching what God is in himſelf, and what he is with reſpect to us, that is to ſay, thoſe Relations he has been pleaſed to enter into with Man. The Light of Revelation is entirely conformable to this Plan, and it inſtructs us chiefly in that which God judges proper to be with regard to us.

THO'

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† *Mr* Pope's *Words are:*
Say firſt of God above, and Man below,
What can we *reaſon*, but from what we *know?*
ESSAY *on* MAN, *Epiſt.* I. *v.* 17, 18.

* *Mr* Crouſaz *has this Diſtich in view:*
Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own. v. 22.

THO' Mr *Pope* asks, v. 19.

Of Man what ſee we but his Station here?

he had ſaid a little before, v. 3, 4.

------- *Life can little more ſupply*
Than juſt to look about us and to die.

This is, indeed, very little, and ſhould ſeem hardly worth the Trouble of compoſing a Book.

BUT I hope, Sir, you have not forgot a Remark which I almoſt begun with; it is, that the Poet is Maſter of his Subject. Writers of this Sort have long been granted a Power of chuſing what they think fit to ſay, and diſpoſing it in what Order they pleaſe. Mr *Pope* makes it appear at firſt Sight, that his Deſign is to humble Man: This is an End he always keeps in view, and certainly nothing is more *little*, or more contemptible than Man, if this be all his Lot. To finiſh a Courſe ſo ſhort, ſo laborious, ſo perplex'd and dark, is not worth the being born for.

IN order to ſupport the Right he aſſume

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to look upon Man with ſo much Contempt, he bears him down with Queſtions. After having led him thro' the Immenſities of Space and innumerable Worlds that fill the Extent of the Univerſe, after having imitated a Flight of *Homer*, and ſpoken of the *great Chain*,

---------- *which draws all to agree,*
And drawn ſupports ---------

Verſe 33.

he does not give him Time to recover Breath, but aſks him, with an inſulting Air,

Preſumptuous Man! the Reaſon would'ſt thou find
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind;
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder Reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy Mother Earth, why Oaks were made
Taller or ſtronger than the Weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent Fields above,
Why Jove's *Satellites are leſs than* Jove?

Verſe 35, *&c.*

IT is an eaſy Matter to perplex a Man after having ſtupified him with ſo many and ſuch great Objects, which he has been forced to run through in ſo rapid a Manner; and I am perſuaded, that the major Part of Mr *Pope*'s Readers will find themſelves reduced to Silence, and will think that Way the moſt eligible. However, *(a)* we have no need to enquire of the azure Plains in order to be inform'd by them how it comes

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(a) See the ſubſequent Verſes.

Reſpecting Man *whatever wrong we call,*
May, muſt be right, as relative to All.
In human Works, though labour'd on with Pain,
A thouſand Movements ſcarce one Purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its End *produce,*
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other Uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome Sphere unknown,
Touches ſome Wheel, or verges to ſome Goal;
'Tis but a Part we ſee, and not a Whole.

Ep. I. ver. 51, &c.

comes to paſs that the Satellites of *Jupiter* are leſs than the great Planet to whoſe Uſes they are aſſign'd; it was not neceſſary for *him* to have them larger, and the Bigneſs of our Moon is ſufficient for *us*. Oaks are much larger than the Shrubs that grow at their Feet, and their Fruits are of a different Uſe from that of thoſe Shrubs. *Animals* ſtand in Need of this Abundance, and the Timber of Oak is of great Service to *us* in our Edifices and Ships. Mr *Pope* (I repeat it) has not undertook to give us a compleat Syſtem of human Nature. His Intention was not to extricate us from our Ignorance, but to mortify our Pride. And leſt we ſhould be miſtaken here, and bound his Ideas of *Man* too much, he inſinuates from the Beginning, that *Man* comprehends much more than he deſigns to mention. v. 6, 7.

A mighty Maze, but not without a Plan;
A Wild where Weeds and Flowers promiſcuous ſhoot.

HE hints by this at the Contradictions which are found to be included in Man. Several Authors have diſcourſed very wiſe-

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ly and judiciouſly upon our Excellencies and Defects, and 'tis inconteſtable, that we are obliged by our Duty to the Neceſſity of ſtudying ourſelves either in one or other of theſe Lights.

A MAN who can be ſatisfied to be ignorant of the Value of thoſe Talents which God has given him, does not elevate his Mind in Thankſgiving, but paſſes his Life in a voluntary and criminal Ingratitude: On the other hand, a Man who does not make a proper Animadverſion upon his Weakneſs, may eaſily preſume too much on his Strength, and not be circumſpect enough in his Study of himſelf and other Objects. But Mr *Pope* has not entered into an Engagement of exhauſting his Subject. He was not obliged to it, he confin'd himſelf to a Poem in which he unfolds only *Part* of *Man*.

WHEN a young Tree leans on one Side, and by that means forms a diſagreeable Figure, we are not content to ſet it upright, but bend it rather more than it ought on the oppoſite Side. This is a vulgar, but a juſt Compariſon. Mr *Pope*, that

that he may the more effectually compaſs his End, does not ſcruple to make uſe of exaggerated Expreſſions. Verſe 35, *&c.*

------- *The Reaſon would'ſt thou find,*
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?

WE are very far from being nothing but Weakneſs; for, with regard to the Body, Man has invented Machines, by the Means of which he can lift and tranſport Burdens too heavy for the ſtrongeſt Animal; and as to the Mind, to what a Length have Diſcoveries already been carried, and how large a Way is opened for thoſe who are willing to uſe their Endeavours to extend them farther!

THE Terms, *little* and *great*, are relative Terms; this is ſo true, that we are at the ſame time both very great and very little: Nor is this peculiar to us; there are no Objects but what are at the ſame Time infinitely great and infinitely little. As to that Blindneſs which Mr *Pope* imputes to us, the Expreſſion is ſtrong, but metaphorical. We are not

born blind, nay, have the immediate Uſe of our Eyes. With regard to our Underſtanding, 'tis true, we are born in Ignorance, but we are born likewiſe with an Ability of extricating ourſelves from it. It is in our Power to produce in ourſelves a Knowledge capable of enlightning us; we are born very imperfect, but with the rich and invaluable Preſent of being able ourſelves to work out our own Perfection.

I WILL add too (but by the way) that the Queſtion why we are form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind, may be interpreted in an ill Senſe; for 'tis to ourſelves that we ought to impute our *(a)* Errors. A Philo-

(a) Mr *Pope* in this Place conſiders Man only in his *natural* State, and does not ſpeak of his *moral* Defects. Nor does he at all diſſent from *Solomon*, in deſcribing Man as weak, and little, and blind; for ſo he certainly is, when compared with Beings of a ſuperior Rank, and yet may be very perfect in his own. For (as Mr *Crouſaz* obſerv'd of *great* and *little*) Perfection is a relative Term, and varies its Signification according as it is differently apply'd.

Philoſopher, who knew more than Mr *Pope*, than I, and many other Men, after having well conſider'd it, ſtands faſt to this Truth, That *God made Man upright, but they have ſought out many Inventions*, that is to ſay, they have reaſon'd wrong, they have ſought out thoſe Reaſonings, and been pleaſed with them.

FROM all this I conclude, that Mr *Pope*'s Poem ought not to diſcourage us. If Mr *Pope* ſhould be aſked, how it comes to paſs that he, ſo weak, ſo little, ſo blind a Poet, could preſume to bring *Homer* back again to Life, and make him a Native of *England*, worthy the Admiration, not only of the Age wherein he lived, but of all Poſterity? All who are acquainted with Mr *Pope*, and I among them, though I have not that Honour, would be extremely offended at ſuch a Queſtion.

MR *Pope* ſeems to run the Hazard of an Anſwer to the Queſtions he has raiſed, and even propoſes one with a Confidence which looks very unlike a Genius that believes itſelf to be *little*, *weak*, and *blind*.

Then, in the Scale of Life and Senſe, 'tis plain,
There muſt be ſome where ſuch a Rank as Man.
v. 48.

THIS Conſequence, which he aſſerts to be ſo evident, he draws from Mr *Leibnitz*'s Syſtem, which is, that *the infinite Wiſdom of the Creator muſt of all poſſible Syſtems have preferred the Beſt, and that in which every Thing ſhould be compleat.*

PERHAPS, Sir, you are acquainted with this Syſtem only in general, and in a ſuperficial Manner. I will, therefore, firſt give you a true Idea of it as briefly as poſſible, and then conſider it as delivered by Mr *Pope*, whom I would not willingly injure, by laying Opinions to his Charge, which perhaps he is very far from entertaining.

MR *Leibnitz* agrees, that God created the World, and that he is a Being quite diſtinct from his Work; in this he differs from *Spinoſa*, who ſeems to have confounded the Cauſe with its Effect.

"GOD, that is to ſay, the Eternal "Being, is ſuch, that it implies a Contra-

"diction

" diction for him not to be; Infinite in " Power, infinite in Knowledge, he com- " prehends in himſelf the Ideas of every " Thing he has Power to give Being to. " An Infinity of Worlds preſents itſelf to " his Mind, but among the Ideas of theſe " innumerable Worlds, there appeared " one which, upon the whole, preſented a " Work more perfect than all the others; " and God, infinitely wiſe and infinitely " perfect, was determined, not by con- " ſtraint, or againſt his Will, but with a " full and perfect Approbation, to prefer " to all the reſt the Syſtem which at pre- " ſent exiſts, and of which we ourſelves " make a Part: The all-perfect Nature " of God did not ſuffer him to chuſe any " other." Theſe are the Notions of thoſe who defend this Syſtem; there is ſome- thing ſpecious and ſublime in it, and very proper to deceive.

LET us examine what is built on theſe Principles. In order that the Univerſe might be infallibly ſuch as God its Creator had conceiv'd it, every Thing which it comprehends muſt ſubſiſt by Ne-

ceſſity, and every Thing that is doing in it neceſſarily and infallibly come to paſs.

FOR this end the World is an immenſe and univerſal Machine, compoſed of an infinite number of Machines all depending one upon another; their Springs are framed with ſo much Accuracy and Force, that not one of them fails of playing its Part; and all Events which ſucceed one another, are the inevitable Conſequences of the firſt Impulſe that ſet them in Motion.

AMONG theſe Machines, which hold their Exiſtence from the Eternal Creator, we are acquainted with two Sorts; the one merely Corporeal, the other capable of Thoughts, Sentiments, Deſires, *&c.* and to theſe we have given the name of Spirits, or Intellectual Subſtances.

MAN is compoſed of theſe two Subſtances; but, ſay theſe Gentlemen, this Truth has great need of Explanation, and People have been hitherto very groſsly deceived in it.

A BODY is incapable of producing any Thing whatever upon a Soul; it can cauſe neither

neither Ideas, Sentiments, nor Volitions to be raiſed in it: The Soul for its Part has no greater Power over the Body, and is equally incapable either of inclining or reſtraining its own. What then is Man? According to theſe Gentlemen, he is this:

As ſoon as one of theſe Machines which we call the human Body is, by the Effect of an innumerable Succeſſion of Combinations, all inevitable, and neceſſarily join'd to one another, arrived to a certain Degree of Activity and Bigneſs; at the ſame Time, and by the Effect of another Succeſſion of Combinations equally neceſſary and inevitable, a Thinking Being perceives Ideas, Sentiments, Volitions, exactly correſponding to the different Conditions of this Body; and among theſe Manners of Thinking, there is one of them which governs and reigns univerſally: It is the Imagination of this Soul, which perſuades itſelf that it receives Impreſſions from its Body, and makes it act conformably to its Will. *Mere Imaginations*, ſay they, *perpetual Illuſions!*

THEY explain their Syſtem by a Compariſon.

pariſon. Imagine two Clocks framed with ſo much Dexterity, that neither their Hands nor Bells ever vary the leaſt Moment; one might imagine that one of them has an Influence upon the other, whereas it is merely a Harmony that reſults from the Exactneſs of their Make.

I BELIEVE that I am now thinking and dictating Expreſſions to my Amanuenſis, proper to excite Ideas conformable to my own in the Mind of my Readers. I imagine, too, that my Expreſſions raiſe Ideas in the Soul of my Amanuenſis, and that it is from hence that the Regularity of his Strokes proceeds, which are exactly ſuch as I would have them. No, ſay they, there is nothing in all this. Our two corporeal Machines have no need of the Influence of our Souls, in order to give one of them the Motion of dictating, and the other that of writing, as we do. All the Parts of the Univerſe are ſo well connected, and ſo inevitably ſubjected to Motions following one another in a Series, that my dictating Machine was, by the Concatenation of certain Succeſſions, found near

a Machine which ſhould write conformably to what I pronounce, though it heard nothing of it. 'Tis true, my Soul imagines that it dictates, and is the Cauſe of the Words which my Body pronounces; while his Soul too imagines that it hears thoſe Sounds, comprehends their Signification, and directs his Hand to form Characters proper to recall thoſe Sounds and their Signification. But even though neither his Body nor mine ſhould be accompanied with any Soul at all, yet the Effect of Mechaniſm would equally hold good; I ſhould dictate, and he would write. What a Train of Abſurdities ſprings from ſuch a Suppoſition! If in ſome Planet there was nothing but Bodies like ours, Books would be printed there, which would inſtruct no one, let them have ever ſo many Readers; there would be Diſputations held on Philoſophy and Religion, Preachers would exhort to Repentance, and make Bodies weep, who would not know what Repentance and Sin are.

IN another Planet (for the Univerſe ſuffers

ſuffers no Vacuum, and the Species ought to be diſpoſed there in Degrees, without the Default of any one Species) in a third Planet, I ſay, there would be found Thinking Machines, or (Subſtances which would think, in an Order as conſtant as that of the exacteſt Machines,) every one of which would imagine itſelf to receive Impreſſions from a certain Body, and to produce alſo Motions in that Body, though no one of theſe corporeal Machines ſhould add, by the Order of its Motions, and the Succeſſion of Ideas, Sentiments and Volitions, to every one of them a certain Thinking Subſtance.

BUT further. Upon our Earth, a Thinking Subſtance forms to itſelf the Idea of a ſpacious Palace, and finds a real Deſign in itſelf of building one anſwerable to its Idea. This Project, though very clear, and connected in all its Parts, would never be effected, unleſs luckily there ſhould be found a corporeal Machine, wound up to pronounce Sounds, and draw Lines, which might bear a Relation to this Project. This Machine alone however would

would not forward the Execution of it: Nay, it would not be ſufficient that theſe Words ſhould ſtrike the Ears of a great Number of other Machines, and theſe Profils in all their Proportions preſent themſelves to their Eyes, for their Ears are no more capable of hearing than their Eyes of ſeeing: It would then be abſolutely neceſſary that every one of theſe corporeal Machines ſhould be accompanied with a Thinking Machine, infallibly determined to an Order of Ideas, all conform to thoſe of the Architect, without this Architect's having contributed either mediately or immediately to their Production. And ſo all theſe Machines would be found wound up to build one Part of the Work.

BUT now what would happen if fifty of theſe Maſons ſhould utter nothing but *French*, and thirty others ſpeak only *High Dutch*; they would ſtand in need of an Interpreter. But even in this Caſe, and with this Aſſiſtance, the Sounds of the *French* would make no Impreſſion upon the Soul of the Interpreter; but the Soul of

of this Interpreter would find itſelf diſpoſed to think, and will, juſt as if it had had this Impreſſion actually made on it; it would fancy that it render'd the Senſe of the *French* Expreſſions into *High Dutch*; its Mouth would pronounce them: Theſe *High Dutch* Sounds would not produce any Effect upon the Souls of theſe thirty Maſons to whom they ſhould be addreſs'd, but the Concatenation of the Univerſe would ſeaſonably excite Ideas in theſe Thinking Machines, which would anſwer thoſe Sounds, and then the Eyes and Arms of theſe Maſons would put themſelves ſo well in Motion, that their Souls would imagine that they directed them.

LET us carry the Syſtem further, for we muſt bear Mr *Pope* company. Every Thing which we ſee, comes to paſs by an inevitable Conſequence of the firſt Impulſe, which was impreſs'd on the univerſal Machine, and on all the Parts that compoſe it. One ſays, that there is no God, and looks upon the Imagination of one as extravagant. *Spinoſa* admits one, but who as effectually deſtroys all Religion, as the

as the *Atheiſt* does. Mr *Leibnitz* too has formed an Idea of one after his Manner, which, in the general opinion of Mankind, no leſs overturns Religion. It would require whole Volumes to give but a tolerable Idea of the Pagan Divinities and their Worſhip. I tremble, and am not able to expreſs the Conſequences of this Syſtem with regard to *Moſes* and the Prophets, to *Jeſus Chriſt* and his Apoſtles, and to *Mahomet* and his Followers. The Univerſe would have been a Work too imperfect, and too unworthy the Choice of its Author, if there had been but ſo much as one of theſe Imaginations wanting. It is the ſame with regard to Crimes: Since there have been Parricides, it was eſſential to the Perfection of the Univerſe that there ſhould be ſuch; it was neceſſary that there ſhould be Poiſoners, Aſſaſſins, perjur'd Villains, Traitors, Cheats of all Kinds; it was neceſſary there ſhould be unnatural Conjunctions; in a word, not one of thoſe Horrors ſhould be wanting, which are the Reproach of Human Nature. It was neceſſary there ſhould be Inquiſitors to exerciſe, without

Mercy, all the horrid Cruelties on good People, whoſe Crime conſiſted in ſo great a Veneration for what they believed true, as not to abjure it: All that we have been ſaying, and an infinite number of Events of this Nature, would have for their firſt invincible and inevitable Cauſe, the Eternal Being, the Principle of all.

THE *Athenians* had no Law againſt Aſſaſſins, and thoſe who poiſon their Parents, becauſe this was a Caſe that never entered into their Mind, and was believed impoſſible. But how imperfect was the Univerſe then! There were no Parricides, and Circumſtances had not yet given an Opportunity for them to *play*.

A WOMAN is determined to cauſe her Huſband to be aſſaſſinated; the Fear of Death makes her reſolve to affirm the Negative, in ſpite of the ſharpeſt Torments; at laſt ſhe yields, and loſes her Life in the Shame, and Puniſhment which by ſuch horrible Torments ſhe had ſought to avoid. She was handſome and well ſhap'd, ſhe had Wit, a tender Heart and Sprightlineſs; the Sight of her drew

Tear

Tears from the Eyes even of thoſe Perſons who were ſhock'd at her Crime. But if the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem be adopted, in what will the Fault of this unfortunate Creature be made to conſiſt? Such is the immutable Nature of the Eternal Being, that it was not poſſible but that this Woman, ſo handſome, ſo genteel, muſt run into all, that ſhe acted, at the Time deſtined and appointed for this Event, its Origin, and its Conſequences; all this was a Reſult of the inevitable Conſtruction of the Univerſe, and of the firſt Impulſe impreſſed on it.

I HAVE been aſſured, that in *Scotland* a Miniſter aſſaſſinated his Son without hating him, and without ſhowing by any other Sign that his Reaſon was diſorder'd. We may call the Diſpoſitions, which were the Cauſe of it, a *cold Madneſs*; being brought before the Judges, he confeſs'd with great Tranquillity to them, that the *Fact was* an horrid one. *Why then did you do it? Alas!* anſwer'd he, *how could I avoid it? The Event proves that I had not this Power, the Moment and Manner of my*

Son's death were inevitably appointed. He was not yet initiated into Mr *Leibnitz*'s Syſtem, elſe he would have added, If my Machine had not played in this Manner, the whole Univerſe would have been in diſorder; the further Coheſion of its Parts, one ſingle Piece failing, is quite interrupted, and the reſt can no longer keep on its Progreſs. *

THIS, Sir, is an Idea of the Syſtem; when 'tis comprized in an Epitome, one Part is hid, and all the Horror of it is not ſuffered to be ſeen. I deſign to enlarge it, and from thence examine this Idea in all its Particulars; but this ſhall be in another Work. I imagine you are impatient to aſk me, whether I believe that

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* I ſuppoſe the following Lines are alluded to; perhaps the Remarker ſtrains them a little too much.

---- In the full Creation leave a Void,
Where, one Step broken, the great Scale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's Chain whatever Link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the Chain alike.

Mr *Pope*'s ESSAY on MAN, Epiſt. I. v. 235.

that Mr *Pope* (*a*) has actually adopted this Syſtem? I anſwer you, that I refuſe to believe this, till I am forced to it by more Proofs than I find of it in his Book: For after all, ought a Reader to take the Liberty of making a celebrated Author guilty of a Contradiction?

Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the Ways of God to Man.

Ver. 15.

THIS is the great End that Mr *Pope* in expreſs Terms takes upon himſelf. Shall we dare affirm that, after this magnificent Promiſe, he all on a ſudden miſtakes, and inſtead of juſti-

(*a*) See Mr *Pope*'s *Univerſal Prayer*, the third Stanza.

Yet left me in this dark Eſtate,
To know the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature *faſt in* Fate,
Left Conſcience free and Will.

fying the Ways of God, juſtifies Man, who has it not in his Power to avoid any one thing of all he does, ſo that the Creator alone ſtands charged with all the Horrors and Confuſions that make the Reproach of Human Nature?

ANOTHER palpable Contradiction; WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, ſays he, at the End of his firſt Book. At the Sight of King *Charles* the Firſt's loſing his Head on a Scaffold, he ought to have ſaid, THIS IS RIGHT. At the Sight of the Judges who condemn'd him, he muſt have ſaid too THIS IS RIGHT. On ſeeing ſome of thoſe very Judges taken and condemned for having done what was acknowledged to be RIGHT, he muſt have cried out, DOUBLY RIGHT. When his dear Friend, Lord *Bolingbroke*, was diſgraced, the Syſtem required that he ſhould ſay, THIS IS RIGHT. But Mr *Pope* himſelf makes this Prediction:

When

When Heroes, Stateſmen, Kings in Duſt repoſe,
Whoſe Sons ſhall bluſh their Fathers were thy Foes,
Epiſt. IV. Verſe 74.

What ſhould they bluſh at? At that which is right? They could not bluſh at any Thing elſe, for

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

YOU will aſk me too, Sir, perhaps with more Impatience, How it comes to paſs that Mr *Pope* fix'd on this Epiſode? I anſwer, that it is quite uſeful to his End; his great Deſign is to humble Man, and what can be more mortifying for Man than a Syſtem full of Horror, invented, colour'd, dreſs'd up, and publiſh'd by a Man who knew how to acquire a great Reputation. 'Tis on this Occaſion that one may aſk, " *O human* " *Soul, weak, bounded, and blind,* who " doſt not know thyſelf, how dareſt thou " undertake to ſound the Depths of the " Divine Nature? How dareſt thou rely " ſo confidently on thy weak Underſtanding, as not to dread the terrible Conſequences which flow ſo naturally and " inevi-

" inevitably from thy daring Princi-
" ples?"

Is it permitted to a Man to believe that he is well enough aſſured of the Depths of Divine Knowledge, and has an Idea of it juſt enough to conclude from thence, that it was not poſſible for this infinite Intelligence to form different Plans of the Univerſe, every one of which, upon the whole, ſhould be as perfect, and as worthy of the Choice of its divine Author as the reſt?

HE alone is the abſolutely perfect Infinite; it is impoſſible that what is produced from nothing can have a Perfection equal to his; and among Beings whoſe Perfection does not reach to an infinite Degree, why may there not be ſome equal to one another? Even if one ſhould be eaſy enough to agree to this ſtrange Paradox, that *two finite Beings diſtinct from one another, but entirely equal, ſhould be but one and the ſame Being*; of two different Things, why might not one have as much Perfection as the other? To deny that the Divine Power extends to ſuch a

Pro-

Production, ſeems to me one of the moſt daring Pieces of Temerity.

GOD ſtands in need of nothing. The perfect Infinite is ſelf-ſufficient. Can one dare to think that he was not enough ſatisfied with himſelf, till after he had exerciſed his Power in the Production of Creatures? Without them he is THE ETERNAL, THE INFINITE, THE PERFECT, THE BLESSED GOD; 'tis by a Choice of his Goodneſs, entirely free, that he was determined to create, rather than not to create.

IT is not enough to ſay that he wa not forced to it, we muſt add that he wa willing it ſhould be ſo by a Choice per fectly free; 'tis not enough that happ Intelligences congratulate themſelves or holding their Exiſtence from an Almighty Principle, which could not help producing, and producing them ſuch as they are: Their Obligation to give him Thanks is of quite another Force, their Gratitude of a much more lively Nature, and their Admiration of his Goodneſs raiſes itſelf

to

to Emotions of quite another Degree, when they come to conſider that it was entirely in his own Power not to have produced them.

BUT tho' I ſhould be complaiſant enough to agree, that it was neceſſary for God to prefer a World entirely perfect to one which, upon the whole, was leſs ſo; yet the Syſtem of Machines and Fatality is not eſtabliſh'd by this Conceſſion; for I inſiſt upon it, and this Affirmation ſeems to me evidently true, that a Univerſe, in which there ſhould be found free and truly active Intelligences, would be a Work much more worthy of God, than a World where Good and Evil, Virtue and Vice, are the infallible and inevitable Conſequences of the Conſtruction of every Being, and of the firſt Impulſe which the Creator impreſſed on them.

GOD ſhews himſelf infinite in Goodneſs, when he is pleaſed to enter into a Covenant, and Treaty of Friendſhip with his intelligent Creatures; when he does them the Honour to be willing to be loved by them, from a free Choice; when he puts

puts their Deſtiny in their own Diſpoſal, in order that being their own Maſters, inſtead of thinking to live only for themſelves, they ſhould determine all their Inclinations to live only for their Creator; they have the infinite Satisfaction of giving themſelves up to him to whom they belong; they beg his Acceptance of them, and that he would ſhew them his Will, that they might make it their conſtant Rule, and ſeek their Happineſs in it. By what Emotions of Gratitude, by what Tranſports of Thankſgiving, can we enough celebrate the infinite Goodneſs of the Creator, who accepts theſe juſt Dedications which we make to him of ourſelves, is pleaſed with them, rewards them with all his Tenderneſs, and by a Return, that ſurpaſſes all Admiration and all Underſtanding, will crown them with the Gift of himſelf! Is it poſſible that in oppoſition to this Syſtem of Religion any one ſhould ſet up that of a Creator, whoſe Power was only diſplayed in making Machines of every kind, and giving them an Impulſe, the Continuation of which produces

every

every Thing we ſee? The Idea of ſuch a God preſents us only that of a great Artiſt, inexhauſtible in making Springs of every ſort.

IN our Syſtem, theſe ſacred and venerable Words have a Meaning: *Thou haſt deſtroyed thyſelf; what have I done to thee, O my People? O! if thou hadſt had but the Will to believe me!* Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem! *how often would I! But ye would not. As I live I have no Pleaſure in the Death of the Wicked, but that he ſhould turn from his Ways and live. I have waited for you, that I might have Mercy upon you.*

As to thoſe who, by a voluntary Abuſe of their Liberty, turn their Back upon the Source of all Good, and ſhut their Eyes to that which ought to employ them; prefer their own Fancies to the Will of their Maſter, and forſaking the Creator give themſelves up to the Creatures; what Reaſon will they have to complain of a Condition, which they will have voluntarily drawn upon themſelves, and which depended only on themſelves to have avoided? They received

from

from God a Power of living better, and obtaining his Favour; they did not vouchſafe, or they found it too difficult to make uſe of it. God has no need of them, and will have nothing to do with thoſe who obſtinately perſiſt in refuſing him; if they cauſe Diſorders, theſe Diſorders do not provoke God to recall the Gift of Liberty; his Goodneſs and his Power will glorioufly repair theſe Diſorders, and if good People ſuffer by them, their Virtue, which already ſhines the brighter by this Means, will ſtill be more magnificently recompenſed.

THE Libertines, driven from one Refuge to another, by the Defenders of Religion, have at length intrenched themſelves in that which reduces Liberty to a mere Appearance, and ſubjects it to a real Neceſſity, by attributing all our Determinations to the external Cauſes of Concatenations, to Combinations, which every Moment produce Determinations, of which we believe ourſelves to be the Authors.

THE Queſtion about Liberty is a capital Controverſy between them and us. If

the Soul of Man determines itſelf, it is a Subſtance diſtinct from Bodies, every one of which may receive Motion, but none of them can impart it to itſelf. Moreover, if we do not determine ourſelves, and if all our Acts of Will are really Effects of Cauſes to which we are ſubjected, we do not render ourſelves culpable, we ought never to reproach ourſelves, and we have nothing to fear.

THIS Subject has been explain'd in our Days with great Clearneſs, and the Truth of this Doctrine of Religion been eſtabliſhed by Proofs which nothing can withſtand, but a Reſolution obſtinately bent to agree to nothing but what pleaſes it. I have alſo treated this Queſtion in my Logic, more amply in the *Latin*, where I examine in order Mr *Collins*'s *Eſſay upon Liberty*, and very lately in my Epitome of Logic; and the Importance of the Subject engaged me to enlarge beyond what an Epitome ordinarily allows. I had before treated this ſame Subject very largely, in my Examination of *Pyrrhoniſm*, and in a *Latin* Work *de Mente humanâ*, which I deſign to tranſlate into *French*,

French, with the Addition of ſeveral Reflections.

BUT tho' I am diſpoſed to write you a long Letter, I ought not however to ſwell it to a Volume. I will therefore not make Repetitions, but confine myſelf with adding a Page which I have juſt been reading in the *Bibliotheque Germanique*. The Author of this Article allows the *Leibritzians* more than I grant them; but you will be pleaſed in reading what follows upon the *Liberty of Man*.

" SINCE our Ideas and Underſtanding " are bounded, that which diſtinguiſhes " Objects muſt infallibly eſcape us, when " it is of ſuch a Nature that it cannot " be perceived but by a Sight extremely " acute and delicate: And what is the " Conſequence? It evidently follows that " on many Occaſions the Soul muſt find " itſelf in a State of Doubt and Suſ- " penſe, without knowing preciſely to " what Side to determine itſelf. And " this is juſtified by frequent Experience. " That Suſpenſe of Judgment, ſo much " recommended by Philoſophers, evident- " ly ſuppoſes Liberty.

" ONE may, in a Caſe of a perfect E-
" quilibrium, (I ſpeak of the *ſubjective E-*
" *quilibrium*,) aſſign many Cauſes of Deter-
" mination; for we fix, if we may ſo
" ſay, the Difference betwixt two Ob-
" jects, either becauſe it concerns us to
" act, and that a too long Irreſolution
" would be prejudicial to us; or, if the
" Queſtion is only about indifferent
" Things, becauſe we will make uſe of a
" Power that we perceive in ourſelves,
" and which nothing can hinder us from
" perceiving.

" 'TIS in conſequence of this Power
" that of two equal Things I chuſe one
" preferably to the other, without being
" able to give any other Reaſon for it
" than my Will.

" IT is too by an Effect of this Pow-
" er, that I can, when I have a mind to
" ſhew my Liberty, prefer a leſs Advan-
" tage to a greater, and owe my Deter-
" mination only to myſelf. *Nothing* can-
" not be the Cauſe of any Thing what-
" ſoever; that Point is agreed: But is it
" to allege *nothing*, when one gives the
" Will for the Cauſe of our Actions in
" certain

" certain Caſes? And pray what would
" become of that Activity which is the
" Property of intelligent Beings, if the
" Soul could not act upon any Occaſion
" by itſelf, and without being put into
" Action by a foreign Power? There
" would then be no other Difference be-
" tween Spirit and Matter, but that the
" firſt would perceive the Motives that
" make it act, whereas Matter is in-
" tirely deſtitute of that which is called
" * *Conſcientia ſui:* Yet there would be
" Caſes in which our Soul would will,
" would determine itſelf without at all
" perceiving the Motives of its Deter-
" minations; which is almoſt equivalent
" to that which is thought ſo abſurd
" when we ſay that, without the Aſſi-
" ſtance of any Motive, the Soul may
" carry itſelf towards ſuch or ſuch an
" Object, only becauſe it wills it. It is
" againſt Reaſon to ſuppoſe an Effect
" without a Cauſe; but it is not againſt
" Reaſon to ſuppoſe an Action without
" any foreign Motive applying itſelf to
" our Soul. Thinking Subſtances have
" this peculiar Property, that they may

 " be

* *Conſciouſneſs.*

" be their own Objects, ſo that when " they fail of extrinſic Motives they may " find intrinſic ones in themſelves."

THE Patrons of that Syſtem, which I diſſent from, ſeem to be offended, when they are charged with making human Souls Machines. *They are on the contrary*, ſay they, *Subſtances intirely ſimple, and by conſequence are not compoſed of Springs.*

BUT when the Name of *Machine* is given to human Souls, we do not charge them with making Machines of them altogether like corporeal ones; as to that Simplicity, which they attribute to them, in order to find an Evaſion in this dark Suppoſition, they muſt give us leave not to be contented with it, till they have explain'd the Idea which they themſelves have of it.

BUT by what Name ſoever they pleaſe to call theſe Companions of the human Body, whether *Soul*, *Spirit*, *thinking Subſtance*, *modified Thoughts*, or *Monad* (this laſt, their favourite Term, is derived from the *Greek*, and may be rendered by the Word, *alone*, or *Unity*) I aſk, are theſe Beings inevitably determined to think,

to

to produce or receive Ideas, Sentiments and Volitions, conformably to what paſſes inevitably in the Machine of the Body? Is this a Conſequence of their primitive Conſtruction? Does the *pre-eſtabliſhed* Harmony require this? For without this pre-eſtabliſhed Harmony a free Soul is capable of diſpoſing its Volitions, and while the Machine of its Body might be ſtabbing another Body, the Soul might revolve nothing in itſelf but Tenderneſs and Affection; and while the ſame Machine would be immerſing itſelf in Debauchery, and pronouncing Words proper to inflame it, the Soul would have it in its Power to chuſe Ideas of the Merit of Sobriety and Continence, to imploy itſelf about: But if, on the contrary, its Liberty is only conditional, and conſiſts but in a Capacity of employing itſelf in Ideas and Volitions, conformable to Wiſdom no longer than while its Body, and that Relation which it is deſtined to bear to it, is in Circumſtances quite different from thoſe of Debauchery; a Soul that conſents to aſſaſſinate, and do other ill Actions which the Body executes without the

Soul's

Soul's knowing it, is much rather to be pitied than blamed, and it would be doing it Injuſtice to look upon it as culpable.

MR *Locke*, in his *Treatiſe of civil Government*, obſerves that People once infatuated with a Syſtem know not how to yield to Proofs which deſtroy it, and become inexhauſtible in Evaſions: This is the Caſe with the Defenders of the Syſtem which I am now examining. They cannot bring themſelves to ſee a true Liberty in Man, and had rather deny it in God, than not regard this Idea as a Contradiction: Yet nothing ſeems to me more worthy to be attributed to God, and more agreeable to his ſupreme Elevation, than a perfect Liberty. He is ſelf-ſufficient, owes nothing to any thing whatſoever; his Works are ſuch as we ſee them, becauſe it was his good Pleaſure that they ſhould be ſuch. Nature on every Side preſents us with Marks of a free Choice. The Earth is round, or very near round: I allow that it was better that its Surface ſhould be unequal; yet, according to ſome, there was a Time when it was not ſo. But however this new Suppoſition be, as

ſoon

ſoon as God thought fit there ſhould be Mountains, is it not plainly begging the Queſtion to affirm that the Order in which we now ſee them, and the Height of each, were the neceſſary Conſequences of a Preference which the Divine Wiſdom could not help making?

LET us take a Range of Mountains extending from Eaſt to Weſt, at a certain Diſtance from the Equator: Might not the firſt Mountain in this Range, ſet in the Place which we call the third Degree of Longitude, have been ſet without any Inconvenience in the ſixth? The others would have followed this, every one at the ſame Diſtance from another that they now are: That which is in the twentieth Degree would have been in the twentythird, and the diurnal Revolution of the Earth would have been made with the ſame Regularity; theſe Mountains would have ſucceſſively preſented the ſame Poſitions to the Sun.

THE Surface of the Earth is compoſed of two Hemiſpheres: Shall we dare to ſay that God could not have drawn the Plan of this which we inhabit, on that which

which has lately been diſcovered; and, reciprocally, in this have drawn that of *America*, without acting repugnant to his Wiſdom? The Earth would by this means have preſented to the Sun, and other Parts of the Univerſe, a Maſs proper to maintain the ſame Relations with all the reſt, as it at preſent does. I might go on with other Proofs of a free Choice, and perhaps I ſhall do it in another Work.

HAVE we not a very ſenſible Proof of it in ourſelves? The Soul of Man, which has been able to carry its Knowledge ſo far, is but very imperfectly acquainted with itſelf. Our Creator has confined that Capacity of attaining Knowledge, which he has given us, within the Bounds that he thought proper.

IT is then carrying on our Conjectures with a ſurprizing Temerity, to deny the Supreme Cauſe, and all its Effects, a full Liberty, and to look upon our moſt immediate Perceptions as Illuſions. Nay more, this Syſtem tends to fill the Earth, and probably other Planets too, with Beings, who think for no other End than to imagine themſelves the Authors of that which they have no Share in. MR

MR *Pope*, then, from the very Beginning of his Poem, would have forgot his End, if, after having at firſt declared himſelf ſo freely againſt the Pride and Illuſions of Monarchs, he had not dared to touch upon the raſh Preſumption of Philoſophers, whom Modeſty ſo well becomes. But it is not only in the Author of this Syſtem that our Poet preſents us with a Subject proper to humble us; the Number of his Adherents give us one too, which is no leſs mortifying.

'TIS ſaid that the People of *Cappadocia*, to whom the *Romans* thought they had done a great Service, by making them a Preſent of Liberty, and a Power of governing themſelves, found this Power ſo imbarraſſing, that their Indolence made them wiſh rather to ſee others burthened with it than themſelves.

In the *Republick of Letters* there are likewiſe a great Number of Perſons, who think an attentive, circumſpect, continu'd and unprejudiced Examination, too laborious. A very ſlight Examination is ſufficient for them to chuſe a Maſter, and liſt themſelves into his Service; they embrace

brace his Ideas, and often, for want of Ideas, confine themſelves to adopt his Expreſſions; ſatisfied with reckoning themſelves his Diſciples, and tenaciouſly diſputing againſt thoſe who are not of the ſame Opinion.

A VERY little Proficiency in the Study of Human Nature will be enough to teach us, that it is not ſurprizing to ſee a Man, who has gained great Applauſe, and who has given Proofs of a Genius equally ſubtil and laborious, in difficult Subjects, and ſuch as few People had before been capable of: It is not ſurprizing, I ſay, that a diſtinguiſhed Genius ſhould flatter himſelf that he is equally capable of ſucceeding in other Subjects. His Ability whether natural or acquired, diſpoſing him to eſtabliſh his Principles, perhaps with too much Haſte, he eaſily deduces from them a long Train of Conſequences connected one with another. This is a Syſtem which gains upon Self-Love, and which derives too an additional Splendor from its Novelty. It is natural for us to be fond of our own Productions; and when we have not early accuſtomed ourſelves to conſult

others,

others, to ask Advice, and to profit by it when we have habituated ourſelves to finiſh a Project alone, and not to expoſe it to the ſight of the Publick till it be compleat, with the probable Hopes of gaining it the more Admiration; it is not impoſſible but that with a diſtinguiſh'd Genius we may yet be miſtaken, and we are almoſt pardonable, when we have the Unhappineſs to perſiſt in Errors, which we run into by ſuch Steps.

BUT will thoſe be ſo eaſily excuſed, who have not been ſeduced by Self-love? and who, without a cloſe Examination, adopt another's Offspring, and, deform'd as it is, embrace it with all the Tenderneſs and Zeal of real Fathers, and at laſt preſent it to others that they may equally admire it? As for thoſe, whom Self-love does not ſeduce in favour of their own Ideas, 'tis a ſtrange Weakneſs to ſuffer themſelves to be dazzled by Syſtems that have dazzled their Authors. The Spirit of Party is one of the great Cauſes of this; one muſt have been Witneſs of its Effects, and nearly examined them to believe them. Another Source of this flows from the

Spirit of Contradiction. There are People who are pleaſed with nothing more than Diſputes, they give themſelves entirely up to them, whenever they are ſo happy as to find Opportunities. Many Intereſts unite themſelves with this hateful Temper; Intereſt of Families, Intereſt of Communities, Intereſt of Countries, Rivalſhip in Reputation, Competition in Employment; and in all theſe reſpects the Spirit of Party finds itſelf ſupported by Vanity.

IT is not eaſy to acquire a Reputation by inventing a new Syſtem. 'Tis the Work of a diſtinguiſh'd Genius, an induſtrious Mind, and of a Capacity to unite all its Parts, and give to each of them an Air of Probability: Beſides, in order that the Syſtem may not vaniſh as ſoon as it appears, it is neceſſary for its Author to be in certain Circumſtances that give him a Luſtre. But a Genius, which has nothing uncommon, flatters himſelf that he ſhall come in for ſome Share of Glory with a celebrated and original Author, if he is one of the firſt to declare for him. He comprehended, at firſt View, what

others

others wanted Time to be convinced of; and if the Syſtem comes to be ſupported by a numerous Party, the firſt that enliſt themſelves are looked upon as the chief Officers, and the chief Supports of this new Literary Army, who fight by dint of Pen, and mix Gall with their Ink. Mr. *Pope*, without doubt, looked upon this Vanity with the Contempt it deſerves, and it appear'd ſo deſpicable to him, that he thought barely to diſplay the Syſtem would be ſufficient to mortify it.

THERE is yet another Circumſtance, very proper to cover the Defenders of this Syſtem with Confuſion, and to humble thoſe who intereſt themſelves in the Honour of Mankind. There are a great number of People who would not have given themſelves the trouble to find out theſe Imaginations, and who do not envy their Authors the Glory of them, neither are they of a Temper to run implicitly into the Fancies of another: Their Genius is not dull, nor their Taſte Servile: But unhappily they have a ſtrong Inclination to Libertiniſm, and whatever tends to ſupport this has its Charms with them.

They do not examine whether that which flatters their Inclinations be founded upon ſolid Proofs, or whether it be eſtabliſh'd only on trifling Probabilities. That it pleaſes, is a ſufficient Reaſon for them to adopt it. Theſe two are Diſpoſitions that bring great Diſgrace upon our Species: And what a contradiction to Reaſon is it, for us to ſeek to withdraw ourſelves from that Obedience we owe to God! For what is there, on the contrary, more worthy of a rational Being than to inſtruct himſelf in that Obedience, in order to ſubmit to it with all his Soul? Theſe Libertines wou'd live after their own Humour, and not trouble themſelves to enquire what their Maſter commands. It is however difficult for them to abandon themſelves to this wrong Taſte, and to trample on the moſt ſacred Maxims, without feeling often from time to time certain Inquietudes.

THE Syſtem which I make Mr. *Pope* to oppoſe, comes quite ſeaſonably to calm theſe Inquietudes. *You had a fancy to get drunk, you gave yourſelf up to that Inclination, and you have fallen into Indecencies.*

Are

Are you not aſhamed of this? Why ſhould I bluſh at it? (a Perſon initiated into this Syſtem will reply) Is it my Fault? Since it *is* come to paſs, there was a Neceſſity that it *ſhould* come to paſs. Innumerable Cauſes, infinite Ages paſt, receiv'd an Impulſe to make them produce this Event. Far from being aſhamed, I congratulate my ſelf upon it. For what an Unhappineſs would it have been, if I had drank leſs, and omitted doing ſome of thoſe Actions which you are pleaſed to call Follies! They enter'd neceſſarily into the Conſtruction of the Univerſe, and if one of them had been omitted, it wou'd have render'd this great Work imperfect, and leſs worthy of its Author.

WHAT a ſhameful Contradiction is this! They will not acknowledge that they have a Power of Self-determination: But why do they refuſe to acknowledge a Power which makes it ſelf ſo frequently and clearly felt? --- 'Tis that they may keep themſelves in a State, of acting with leſs Diſturbance, and indulging their own Fancies, without the leaſt Reproach. —— That Inclination which

they have to refuſe human Nature the Power of Self-determination and Freedom of Choice, is far from deſtroying that Power; on the contrary, it is the Cauſe of their making uſe of it with leſs Conſtraint, and with unbounded Liberty.

AFTER all, Mr *Pope*, in quality of a Poet, had a particular Right over this Syſtem. The ſurprizing and even incredible Miracles that *Homer* ſung, have added no ſmall Luſtre to his Verſes. We love to admire, both the Invention, and Poetic Style raiſed to that ſublime Degree to which *Homer* carried it. Mr *Pope*, after him, ſeems to be made for relating the moſt incredible Facts, and advancing the moſt improbable Notions. We acknowledge in this Style a Force more than human, when it dazzles ſo ſtrongly as to cauſe People to adopt that which is the moſt remote from Common Senſe. But of all the Reveries which the ancient Poets have choſen to embeliſh their Works with, and of all that we read in the *Fairy Tales*, I doubt whether any Thing equals the Syſtem by the expoſing of which Mr *Pope* would let us ſee how far human Reaſon is capable

capable of erring. The more cloſely we examine it, the better ſhall we be convinced of what I affirm.

You deſire the Pleaſure which is found in drinking *Burgundy:* It would ſignify nothing if you ſhould ſwallow even the Product of a whole Year: The Liquor might move the Fibres of your Tongue and Throat; but neither thoſe Fibres, nor all the animal Spirits which may partake of their Motion, can make an Impreſſion upon that Subſtance which is capable of perceiving Senſations, and which is properly, and in a peculiar Senſe, that which you call *yourſelf.* It is neceſſary that this deſir'd Senſation ſhould ariſe in that Subſtance, which is quite diſtinct from the corporeal, and ſhould ariſe there by virtue of a Series, a Succeſſion of Cauſes and Effects not to be expreſſed. This Senſation, the Reſult of ſuch a long Series, muſt ariſe preciſely at the Time when the *Burgundy* enters into your Mouth, and goes down your Throat. But in order that this Senſation ſhould not ariſe as of itſelf, and independently of the Efficacy of this Wine, and that you

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ſhould

ſhould imagine this Wine to be the Cauſe of it, it is abſolutely neceſſary that the Moment in which this Senſation ariſes be preciſely the ſame in which the Order of the Univerſe determined your Machine to ſwallow this Wine. For this Purpoſe it was neceſſary too that at the ſame Time another Machine ſhould, by an inevitable Concatenation, be determined to pour it out. This is not enough; it was moreover neceſſary that another Machine ſhould be determined to draw it from the Caſk, and place it on the Side-board, and this Caſk ſtill another Machine muſt have fetch'd from *Burgundy*: How many Steps are here! The Machine would have undertaken this Journey in vain, if it had not been provided with Money or Exchange-Bills, without knowing, however, what Money or Exchange-bills are.

This Money rightly told, or this Bill read aright, would have found in *Burgundy* a Machine which, without perceiving this Money, or underſtanding this Bill, would find itſelf in its Turn determined by an eternal, or very near eternal, Concatenation, to deliver the Caſks demanded;

ed; and in the ſame Moment an Intelligent Subſtance would fancy that it gave Orders for this Sale and Remittance, to which however it had neither mediately nor immediately contributed, becauſe a mere Thinking Subſtance is no more capable of acting upon Body, than it is of receiving any Impreſſion from it.

WHAT ſhall we ſay of other Machines, which are called Coopers, determined to make Veſſels of which they have no Idea? What of Artificers in Wood and Iron, who have form'd Tools for the Conſtruction of theſe Veſſels, without knowing what they did? For the Thinking Subſtances, which accompanied the Bodies of theſe Artificers, might well imagine that they directed them; but this was mere Imagination, for they did not direct them. What ſhall I ſay of the other Machines, which cultivated the Vines, gather'd the Grapes, and ſqueezed the Juice from them? The Reſult of all this Mechaniſm was, that a Thinking Subſtance at *Lauſanne* imagin'd that it had Wine brought from *Burgundy*, and that it receiv'd agreeable Impreſſions from this Wine.

A HUMAN Machine ſmiles without knowing what it is doing, another Machine aſks, what it is thinking of; *Is it with a Deſign to ridicule me, that you make theſe Grimaces?* "You may think what "you pleaſe of it," replies the firſt Machine, without underſtanding any Thing of the Senſe of theſe Expreſſions. The Thinking Subſtances, which accompany the two Machines, fancy themſelves to have heard the Sounds, and comprehended their Significations, though theſe Sounds have never reached them. The two corporeal Machines are determined, by the Influence of a Concatenation of many Ages, to box and ſtrike one another; other Machines, of a like and equally neceſſary Concatenation, find themſelves lowing diſpoſed to part them. The fol-Day, one of theſe Machines that was parted finds itſelf determined, to write a Challenge, without knowing any thing of the Senſe of it, altho' the Thinking Subſtance, which accompanied it, be determined to think that it dictates that Challenge; another Machine finds itſelf neceſſarily determined to carry it; the

two principal Machines are neceſſarily determined to meet, in a certain Place, with their Swords; they draw them, make Paſſes, and parry, juſt as if their Minds directed them; which however contribute no more to theſe Actions, than the Stars do. One of theſe Machines is wounded and falls; another Machine is ſeaſonably determined by a Series of Movements, as ancient as the World, to dreſs the Wound; and the Soul which accompanies this Machine looks upon all this as the Effects of its own Skill. The wounded Perſon dies, that is, his Springs ceaſe to play; other Machines are at this very time determined, after ſeveral Movements of certain other Machines, gravely to pronounce a Sentence which they underſtand nothing of, but which a Soul imagines it ſelf to have dictated. Moreover a corporeal Machine is determin'd, by the Force of an invincible Succeſſion, to behead the condemn'd Perſon. I will add but one Word more; another corporeal Machine is by an inevitable Series, under a neceſſity of pronouncing Sounds, which its Soul imagines itſelf to dictate, of which Sounds

Sounds, however, it is in no reſpect the Cauſe. The Soul of the condemn'd Perſon ſeems to hear, is frighted, breaks into Lamentations, and believes itſelf to have been wickedly active, in a Caſe where it was merely paſſive, and believes, too, that it run voluntarily into what it could not avoid. The Eyes of the condemn'd Perſon ſhed Tears, which his Soul is not the Cauſe of, and his Machine by mournful Accents intreats the Machines of the Spectators to ſue for its Pardon.

I will go no further, but content my ſelf with adding that the Partiſans of this Syſtem ſeem to me very like the Inhabitants of a Mad-houſe. You will find them talk very reaſonably on any Subject, but that wherein their Frenſy is concern'd; but if you touch upon their Prepoſſeſſions, you will find yourſelf with an Apoſtle, a King, a Bird, a Lanthorn, a Bottle, and ſometimes even with a Divine Perſon. One will tell you, he has loſt his Feet, and does not know what is become of them. Another time he will complain that he wants a Head, *&c.* And this Compariſon, which may ſeem very

ſtrong,

ſtrong, will however appear to have the greater Juſtneſs, when it is conſidered that among thoſe who have ſuffered themſelves to be infatuated with a Syſtem that overthrows all Religion, there are yet ſome who, notwithſtanding, have preſerved religious Sentiments. So true is it, that the Mind of Man is capable of containing the moſt ſurprizing Contradictions. This then is a Syſtem very proper to humble Man, and it was with this Deſign that Mr *Pope* was reſolv'd to chuſe it. Theſe Reveries ſurpaſs all that the fruitful Imagination of *Homer* made him ſing on the Subject of thoſe Prodigies with which his Poem is fill'd:

Cogitat, & ſpecioſa dehinc Miracula promit,
Antiphatem, Scyllamque & *cum* Cyclope Charybdim ;

Miraculous Stories; *Antiphates*, *Scylla*, the *Cyclops*, &c.

I MUST not omit that this Syſtem throws a peculiar Ridicule on thoſe w. value themſelves upon adopting it, who extol to the Skies their Leader, and his firſt and moſt zealous Followers ; and who in

ſhort, honour them as the Princes of Philoſophy. For it is preciſely renouncing the Syſtem, and turning it upſide down, when they aſcribe to Mr *Leibnitz* the Glory of having made Diſciples. That Part of him which was endued with Thought did not direct his Hand, it was only the Machine of his Body that drew thoſe Characters which were afterwards imitated in printing his Works. An almoſt infinite Series of Springs and corporeal Movements produc'd thoſe Characters, and a Series, carried on from Ages equally diſtant, produc'd both his Ideas, and the Imagination which expreſs'd them according to his Mind, by the Strokes of a Pen.

IT would have ſignified nothing for human Bodies to have caſt their Eyes on the Books that bear his Name: Theſe Books were incapable of cauſing any Idea in the Souls of thoſe who read them; it was neceſſary that at a ſeaſonable Time great Number of Souls ſhould perceive theſe Ideas to ariſe in themſelves, and ſhould imagine that they were furniſh'd with theſe Ideas by reading certian

tain Books. Neither Mr *Leibnitz*'s Soul, nor the Soul of his moſt zealous and indefatigable Adherents, could ever have had a Power of inſtructing the Souls of thoſe who reckon themſelves his Diſciples; neither immediately, for a Soul does not act in this manner upon another Soul; nor yet mediately, for one Soul has no Action upon another by the Interpoſition of Bodies incapable of acting upon Thinking Subſtances. 'Tis then by an Effect of Deſtiny, that a great Number of Intelligences came to think like Mr. *Leibnitz*. The Seaſon for this Event was arriv'd, and the Birth of theſe Thoughts was like that of Bloſſoms, where one Tree does not at all contribute to the Production of thoſe which are blowing upon a neighbouring Tree.

IT is to no Purpoſe that ſome of them ſhould be fanciful enough to deduce the Truth of a Syſtem, which derives its Origin from the Firſt Cauſe; that they ſhould deduce the Truth of this Syſtem, I ſay, from the Multitude of theſe uniform Ideas, produced without any one of them contributing to the Pro-

tion of another; for, according to them, it is the firſt Cauſe which properly ſpeaking does all, and there is no Effect but what is cauſed by an infallible Conſequence of the firſt Impulſe impreſſed on the Univerſe; 'tis therefore to this firſt Impulſe, and by conſequence to the divine and firſt Mover, that we muſt impute the Opinions of thoſe who look upon the Syſtem as the moſt extravagant Imagination that the Mind of Man, by its own Fault, was ever miſled by.

WHEN Mr *Pope* adds, Verſe 51, 52,

Reſpecting Man *whatever wrong we call;*
May, muſt be right, as relative to all

he borrows the Language of the Syſtem which he deſigns no doubt to cry down, in order to humble Man; for what can be more mortifying than to find one's ſelf in an Incapacity of diſcerning what is really juſt from that which is not ſo? God is equally the Cauſe of every Thing in this Syſtem, and an Attention to the Will of this ſupreme Being ought to make us look upon every Thing that happens with an equal Eſteem and Veneration.

When

When the proud Steed ſhall know, why Man reſtrains
His fiery Courſe, or drives him o'er the Plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the Clod,
Now wears a Garland, an Egyptian God;
Then ſhall Man's Pride and Dulneſs comprehend
His Action's, Paſſion's, Being's, Uſe and End;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity.

WHAT muſt we conclude from that unleſs it be that no one is ever in the wrong? he is only what he could not help being. If any one fall into Slavery, it is not his own Fault, the Good of the whole required that he ſhould do ſo. If any one finds a Pleaſure in ſeeing himſelf ador'd, and believing himſelf a God, this too is for the Advantage of the whole. To what End is it then to exclaim ſo againſt the Pride of Men? To what purpoſe is it for any one to write a Book in order to inſtruct and reform others, if it

is not known what we are, and what we ought to do.

WHEN Mr *Pope* adds, that the ſupreme Being

------ *ſees with equal Eye, as God of all,*
A Hero periſh, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Syſtems, into ruin hurl'd,
And now a Bubble burſt, and now a World!
* Verſe 84, &c.

what are we to conclude from theſe Poetical Expreſſions, and from the Emphaſis with which he delivers them, unleſs it be that all is indifferent to God, and that with regard to him every Thing ought to be indifferent to us? Whether we are acquainted with, or entirely ignorant of our ſelves; whether we inform our ſelves of the Will of God, or take no Pains about it; whether we make a good or bad uſe of any thing, conduct our ſelves

* *They ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in Fault,*
Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought;
His Being meaſur'd to his State and Place,
His Time, a Moment and a Point his Space.
Verſe 69, &c.

ſelves wiſely, or plunge ourſelves into the moſt enormous Brutality, whatever happens to us, it is the Almighty Power of God that acts both within and without us.

SINCE I give myſelf leave to kill a Sparrow, why ſhould I make any Difficulty to aſſaſſinate or poiſon a Hero, whenever any Intereſt ſhould prompt me to it, and I can commit the Fact with Security? God ſees the Fall of the one, and the Fall of the other with an *equal Eye.* (*a*)

How

(*a*) Had the ingenious Author of the Examination regarded the Whole of this Paſſage, which he ſo much objects to, and not only a Part of it, he would perhaps have given a more favourable Interpretation.

Heaven from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the Page preſcrib'd, their Preſent State,
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know,
Or who could ſuffer being here below?

The

How could it enter into the Head of thoſe who think after this Manner, to ſay that God was inevitably determined to give Exiſtence to the Univerſe, and to create it in the higheſt Perfection, ſince they have no Idea of Perfect or Imperfect, of Uſe or Abuſe, and that the Knowledge of theſe Things is above the Reach of human Underſtanding.

WHEN

The Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy Reaſon, *wou'd he ſkip and play?*
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry Food,
And licks the Hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his Blood.
Oh! Blindneſs to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who ſees with equal Eye, as God of all,
A Hero periſh, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Syſtems, into ruin hurl'd,
And now a Bubble burſt, and now a World!

From Verſe 73, to 86.

WHEN I believe that my Hand was given me to lay hold on what is uſeful for me, and not to diſturb the Quiet of others; that I was made capable of eating and drinking to keep up my Health and Strength, and not to deſtroy them; ſhall I ſuffer my ſelf to be perſuaded that all theſe Concluſions have no more Reality than a mere Dream, ſince the Ox does not know why he breaks the Clods?

OUGHT I to look upon Exiſtence, and the Gift of Thinking, which are the Preſents of my Creator, as a Good or an Evil, or an Accident quite indifferent? Ought I not to eſteem theſe Preſents, to give Thanks for them? Can I refuſe to do this without being ingrateful? If I eſteem what I have receiv'd from God, ought not I to love God himſelf? And ought not I to wiſh for the Continuance of a Preſent which ſhou'd be ſo dear to me coming from his Hand? Shall I be afraid that I do an Injury to the Wiſdom of God, and that Veneration which I owe to it, when I believe that he does not act without Deſign, and that conſequently he has given me

me Feet to walk with, and a Mouth to ſpeak? Do I dream when I am upon my Guard againſt Error, and apply myſelf to think right. If an Intelligence which does not deceive itſelf, be in a Capacity preferable to one that does deceive itſelf ſhall I doubt, that God in graciouſly giving me a Power of endeavouring at Perfection, would not be pleas'd that I ſhou'd make uſe of that Power? What is Man, and by what Mark ſhall we acknowledge him to be the Work of a God, wiſe, good, and perfect, if he is born incapable of diſcovering the Principles of Morality, the Solidity of its Grounds, and the Certainty of the Conſequences that are drawn from it?

THE *Leibnitzian*, who takes it for granted that all is the Work of God, that all our Thoughts, all our Actions are the inevitable Conſequences of an Impulſe whoſe Movements nothing in the World can ſtop or divert, will anſwer thoſe who aſk him Why God has impreſſed an Impulſe by the Efficacy of which we are expoſed to ſo much Ignorance, and ſo many

many Misfortunes, You are miſtaken, will the Fataliſt ſay, *God has given you Hope to be your Bleſſing now.* So that, according to them, the Goodneſs of God amounts only to lulling us with the * Hope of ſome better Fortune. The Truth is, that Men ſpend their Lives miſerably in forming Projects, and, without ever being undeceived by Experience, flatter themſelves, that when one fails, they ſhall ſucceed in ſome other, from which they hope to gain a ſtill greater Advantage. Mr *Pope* (Verſe 95) ſeems to think that 'tis from the firſt Cauſe that a poor *Indian* derives the Imagination he has of ſeeing his God in the Clouds, or hearing him in the Winds.

His

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* The whole Paſſage ſtands thus.

Hope humbly then; with trembling Pinions ſoar;
Wait the great Teacher, Death and God adore!
What future Bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope *to be thy Bleſſing now.*
Hope *ſprings eternal in the human Breaſt;*
Man never is, *but always* to be *bleſt;*
The Soul uneaſy and confin'd at home,
Reſts, and expatiates, in a Life to come.

Verſe 87 to 95.

His Soul proud Science never taught to raiſe itſelf higher *(a)*.

THESE Expreſſions might be very much abuſed, ſhould we undertake to put what we have good Grounds to believe, upon a Level with Imaginations without Proofs. But a more reaſonable Senſe will be given to this Page, if it be ſuppoſed, that Mr *Pope* compares the Stupidity of a poor *Indian* with the Audaciouſneſs of an Infidel, whoſe confin'd Reaſon gives itſelf up to Objections againſt Providence.

I CONFESS, Sir, that this Page ſeems obſcure to me: He heaps ſo great a Number of Ideas in the Compaſs of a ſhort Period, his poetic Fire expreſſes them with ſo much Rapidity, that it is difficult to lay hold on them, and it is ſtill more difficult to perceive their Connexion. Mr *Pope*'s Deſign eſcapes our Obſervation;

(*a*) *Lo! the poor* Indian, *whoſe untutor'd Mind Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind; His Soul, proud Science never taught to ſtray Far as the Solar Wal.. or Milky Way.*

tion; we would not attribute any to him but a good one, but he does not give us leave to be aſſur'd that the Deſign, which ſeems a good one, is that which he had formed to himſelf.

THERE are Men who think in a very abſur'd manner upon the Subject of Providence. Such are thoſe poor *Indians* with whom Mr *Pope* begins this Period. There are ſome confident enough to deny that there is a Providence, and without Scruple heap Objection upon Objection againſt the Aſſertion. Laſtly, there are ſome who form to themſelves a Syſtem upon this great Subject, full of Abſurdities; and ſuch is that of Mr *Leibnitz.* This Syſtem is their Idol; their Prepoſſeſſion for it engages them to exclaim at the Incredulity of thoſe who refuſe to adopt it. This, ſay they, is the true Syſtem, and thoſe who criticiſe it, attack Providence, and criticiſe the Ways of God. *What Raſhneſs* is this! Thoſe who are of quite another Opinion, are far from being alarm'd at this Cenſure, and to this ſhort Exclamation, *What Raſh-*

neſs is this! oppoſe another equally ſhort, *What Prejudices* are here!

THE Peculiarity of this Syſtem, and what ſeems, I confeſs, the very Height of Abſurdity, is, that God is equally the Author of theſe Ideas, however contrary, and of theſe mutual Reproaches. And when theſe mutual Reproaches are carried to Inſults, theſe reciprocal Inſults, and the Steps which precede and follow them, are the inevitable Conſequences of the Conſtruction of the Univerſe, of that of all its Parts, and of the firſt Impulſe that the Creator impreſſed on them.

"Do not you ſuſpect your Zeal? (would "I ſay to a *Leibnitzian*) are you not a- "fraid of deceiving yourſelf? According "to you, your Thoughts upon this Sy- "ſtem are the Effects of a long Conca- "tenation directed by the firſt Cauſe. "Mine too, according to the fundamen- "tal Principle of your Syſtem, are the "Effects of another Concatenation, di- "rected by the ſame Wiſdom, and the "ſame Power. Upon what Grounds "would you have me believe, that it "has deceived me rather than you?"

COULD

COULD Mr *Pope* have choſen a more proper Subject for a ſatirick Poem? He undermines this Syſtem in an oblique manner, but he undermines it effectually. This Satire moreover attacks a very ancient Error. All thoſe who have mix'd their empty Imaginations with the Purity and Simplicity of Religion, have never fail'd to exclaim againſt the Preſumption of Men who refuſe to adopt them; but it never enter'd their Thoughts to ſuſpect, that the Preſumption might be on their Side who would impoſe upon others what they could not prove to them; and in the Age wherein we live, Children lay up in their Memories the Cenſures which they hear thrown upon Reaſon, and reſpect them. But in a more advanc'd Age, when the Yoke of Religion begins to grow heavy to them, and their Reaſon itſelf ſhews them the Importance of living well, and the Neceſſity of abſtaining from Vice, they recall thoſe Declarations againſt Reaſon, which they had formerly adopted without underſtanding them, in order to aſſiſt their Libertiniſm, and make that, which had been recom-

mended to them as one of the greateſt Supports of Faith, ſubſervient to their Unbelief.

HOMER never quits the Wrath of *Achilles*, and Mr *Pope* continually returns to the Pride of Man; *Verſe* 119, *&c.*

In reas'ning Pride (*my Friend*) *our Error lies:*
All quit their Sphere, and ruſh into the Skies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt Abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
And who but wiſhes to invert the Laws
Of Order, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

THERE are but few Periods in this ingenious Work, but what ſeem to be to me ſuſceptible of a double Senſe. Perhaps this is my Fault: But am I in the wrong, with regard to that which I have juſt now cited? I make you the Judge. Pride may cauſe a Perſon to aſpire after Elevation, and Pride may make him refuſe it. A Man, who is never eaſy till he is arriv'd at the firſt Employments of a Court, is ſuſpected of Pride, and his Behaviour afterwards proves that this Suſpicion was not a Miſtake. The Prince offers Preferments to another, who refuſes, and

and deſires to be excus'd accepting them. People admire his Modeſty, and they do him Juſtice. He is not thoroughly acquainted with his own Capacity, and fears the Contagion of bad Examples. But there may be found others, whoſe Motive for a Refuſal, ſo ſeldom to be met with, would be Pride. A Love of Independence is, with ſome People, their ſtrongeſt Inclination. The leaſt Subjection is odious to them, and the very Notion of a Maſter gives them an Uneaſineſs.

MAN is a Creature capable of Knowledge and Reflexion: He reflects, and 'tis with Joy he is convinced that he is the Work of the eternal and perfect Being. He is tranſported with this Diſcovery, and concludes from it, that he is permitted to love, eſteem, and revere himſelf, ſince all that he poſſeſſes he holds from an adorable Hand. Nor are theſe Sentiments only permitted him, they are requir'd from him, and he cannot refuſe them without Ingratitude. What ought he to do? And what can he do better than to give Thanks, with all

his Powers, to his adorable Creator? This Conſequence is evident, nor is that which follows leſs ſo. He ought to neglect no Means of being aſſured of the Will of his Creator, in order to conform his own to it. His Deſires ought continually to be bent on improving himſelf more and more *(a)*, and rend'ring himſelf every Day more virtuous. He receiv'd theſe Talents from the Author of his Life. Wou'd this infinitely wiſe Author, and who never acts caſually, and without an End, have given him Leave to make no uſe of them? At ſeeing ſuch a Reſolution, ſhall we cry out, —— *What Pride! This Man is never content.* Will you criticiſe, too, the following Anſwer which he will make you:

IT

(a) Mr *Crouſaz* certainly argues very juſtly, upon the Neceſſity of Men's improving the Talents which they have received from their Creator; but there does not ſeem to be any thing in the Paſſage he cited from Mr *Pope*, that at all contradicts this. For does his exclaiming againſt the Pride and Folly of *Mortals*, in aſpiring to the Perfection of *Angels*, at all imply that they are not to look upon themſelves as *Men?* and act agreeably to that Rank in the Creation wherein they are placed?

" IT is not Pride that animates me, a " Dedication of my ſelf to God is my " chief Duty and my great Motive. I am " always perfectly contented with my " Creator; but, by an Effect of his Grace " and Aſſiſtance, I am never enough " ſatisfied with my ſelf, to indulge my " ſelf in an undiſturbed Repoſe, to give " my ſelf up to Indolence, and neglect " making a further Progreſs."

WILL any one dare, on the contrary, to praiſe a Man who ſays — " As for " me I do not aſpire to ſo many Perfecti- " ons. I do not trouble my ſelf with theſe " fine Ideas. I do not enquire either " what I am, or what I can or ought " to do. I care for nothing but the pre- " ſent Day. I eat, drink, ſleep, and " walk. I eat when I am hungry, " drink when I'm dry, go to Bed when " I'm ſleepy, riſe when I pleaſe, I feaſt " daily, and whenever I find Means or " Opportunity, I give my ſelf up to " Pleaſure. I go on in an inconſiderate " Manner, I live without Conſtraint, " and am ſubject to nothing, as much as " I can I make my Inclinations my Rule.

" Let

" Let People think what they pleaſe of " me, I live for my ſelf, and not for o- " thers; I will not ſacrifice my ſelf to " the chimerical Deſire of a Reputation." Is this Modeſty or Pride?

But if it be true, that after Death any thing remains of Man, that one of his Subſtances continues to think and live, and that his Sovereign Maſter, conformably to the Opinion of many Perſons of an improv'd Underſtanding, and who are very far from being fanciful, aſk him how it came to paſs that he conducted himſelf with ſo much Indolence, and ſo little Reaſon, will this Man, or what remains of him dare to anſwer, It was not my Buſineſs, I was born, I have lived and died, ſuch as you made me. Ah! Wretch, did not I make thee capable of thinking and living better? Waſt thou not encompaſſed with a thouſand Perſons, whoſe Examples excited thee to do ſo? Whom did it depend on but thy ſelf to imitate them?

Mr *Pope* continues, Verſe 127,

Ask for what End the heav'nly Bodies ſhine
Earth for whoſe Uſe? Pride anſwers, 'tis for mine.

It

It ſeems to me that there wou'd be more Simplicity and Ignorance, than Pride in this Anſwer.

In my Infancy I believed, as others did, that the Earth was made for the Habitation of Man, the Animals and Plants for his Uſe, the Sun and Stars to give him Light, and to render the Earth fruitful; and I do not remember that theſe Ideas ever inſpired me with Vanity. When, as I advanced further in Knowledge, I thought that the Planets might be inhabited by Beings like ourſelves; when I carried this Conjecture ſtill further to thoſe Planets, which may ſurround the fixed Stars, which I conceive to be ſo many other Suns, my Vanity was not at all mortified at it. I was delighted, and am ſo ſtill, with thinking that other Beings, more perfect than I, glorify our common Creator, and ſerve him in a more exact Manner. I love to join my Thankſgivings, weak as they are, to the more lively Emotions of their Acknowledgments.

WHEN Mr *Pope* adds, Verſe 133, *&c.* and makes Man ſay.

For

For me the Mine a thouſand Treaſures brings
For me Health guſhes from a thouſand Springs,
&c.

It is plain that his Fancy diverts itſelf with Poetic Exaggerations. When 'tis ſaid that God made Man *the Lord of all*, the Senſe of theſe Expreſſions amounts to this, That God has made human Nature capable of receiving a Part from all; and that which is true of human Nature in general, does not however extend to every Man in particular.

But errs not Nature from this gracious End
From burning Suns, when livid Deaths deſcend
When Earthquakes ſwallow, or whon Tempeſts ſweep
Town to one Grave, and Nations to the Deep.
No 'tis reply'd the firſt almighty Cauſe
Acts not by Partial, but by general Laws

Mr *Pope* ſeems to think that Reaſon is aſleep when 'tis not awakned by Pride. Good Senſe might have inſpired this Anſwer without its being dictated by Pride. The Mixture of Good and Evil, which we find in the World has aſtoniſhed

aſtoniſhed the wiſeſt Philoſophers. The Bleſſings which God heaps upon Men, in ſuch great Abundance, and with ſo much Regularity, made them conclude that an all-wiſe and good Providence preſided over human Nature. On the other hand, the Calamities to which we ſee our ſelves expoſed, aſtoniſhed them; and in order to reconcile theſe with the Goodneſs of God, they have exercis'd their Minds in a great many happy Conjectures. They were principally embarraſſed with the internal Defects of human Nature. The Hiſtory of the Fall, if the Memory of it had been preſerv'd, might have remov'd theſe Difficulties. The Books wherein this Hiſtory is preſerv'd, have ſuch Marks of being Authentick, as render them venerable to every Man who will make uſe of his Reaſon; and many Learned Men have given Proofs of their being ſo, which Unbelievers have never been able to weaken; and this Hiſtory in itſelf contains nothing but what may eaſily be believed.

INTELLIGENCES of a Perfection, Knowledge and Power, incomparably ſuperior

to

to what we can attain, ſuffer'd themſelves to be dazzled by their own Grandeur. As exalted as they were, the Depth of the Divine Nature was always an incomprehenſible Abyſs to them. A Power that gives Being to what did not before exiſt, was above the Pitch of their Ideas. Perhaps they might think they held their Exiſtence not from ſuch a Power, but from an eternal Fatality. The weak Underſtanding of a *Spinoſa* dared to indulge itſelf in ſuch Conjectures as theſe. A perfect Submiſſion to a Being, to whoſe Will they were not at all obliged, ſeem'd too great a Subjection to them. God did not think fit to deſtroy them by Annihilation, he choſe rather to let them live, that he might the longer confound all their pretended Power, and pretended Subtlety Mr *Pope* tells us, ver. 123. that aſpiring to be equal to the Divinity, Angels fell.

GOD created Man, and united with an Animal Body, a Soul of a much ſuperior Order. He placed this Creature in a delightful Abode, which nothing was to alter; he put the Earth, and all that it ſuſtains, in ſubjection to him. But it was

juſt

juſt to demand from Man, a Creature, who held all from God, and whom God had put in Poſſeſſion of ſo many Riches; It was juſt, I ſay, to demand, from this happy Creature, a Homage which ſhou'd be an Acknowledgment of his Dependance. The Goodneſs of God confin'd this Homage to the abſtaining from the Fruit of one ſingle Tree, in order that, by this Abſtinence, Man ſhou'd acknowledge, that from his Liberality he enjoy'd the Uſe of all the reſt. The Devil undertakes to make Man violate this Law, and for this Purpoſe he addreſſes himſelf to the Woman, who had learnt it not immediately from God, but from her Husband. The Woman but newly created, and who was not even preſent at the Review which God cauſed *Adam* to make of all the Animals, was not ſurpriſed to hear one ſpeak like herſelf. His Vivacity ſhewed ſomething ſingular. The firſt Queſtion, which the Serpent made, had nothing ſuſpicious in it; *Yea hath God ſaid that ye ſhall not eat of every Tree of the Garden?* The Woman anſwers him, that this Prohibition is confin'd to one ſingle Tree.

The Devil ſeems to think this Prohibition incredible. Wou'd God have created ſo beautiful a Fruit, to be mortal? It is not permitted to conceive ſo much Oppoſition between the inſide and outſide of his Works. The Beauty of this Fruit informs you, that you did not rightly underſtand your Maſter's Words, and the Name alone, which he has given to this Tree, ought to be ſufficient to remove your Error. You will no ſooner have eaten of it, but your Knowledge will be enlarged. From theſe Principles, not well enough examin'd, the Woman draws too haſty a Concluſion; a Haſtineſs which we ſtill imitate in all our Errors. She eats this Fruit, and receives no Prejudice from it. This helps to deceive her Husband: He ſuſpects, in his Turn, that he did not rightly underſtand the Senſe of the divine Command; the Example of a Being, whom God had given him to compleat his Happineſs, had a very great Influence on him.

ADAM and EVE were created in Innocence; their Mind was without Prejudice, and their Heart without bad Inclinations; but their Underſtanding was bounded, they

they had not yet had Time to enlarge it by Exerciſe. Their Fault was followed by Fear: They apprehended that they had acted in this important Affair with too much Precipitation, as they really had. They were ſeiz'd with Confuſion, and this Confuſion was increaſed by the Preſence of God, Not being able to juſtify themſelves they had recourſe to Excuſes. The Cauſe of this Ill was thrown upon the Serpent, whoſe Miniſtry they were ignorant that this Devil had made uſe of, of whom too 'tis probable they had not yet any Knowledge. *Adam* and *Eve* deſerv'd immediate Death, however the Devil was far enough from having that Satisfaction: God prolonged their Life, and continued his Deſign of making them the Origin of Mankind.

To put them in remembrance of their Fault, the Earth became a leſs pleaſant Abode, leſs fertile, leſs regular in its Productions, and leſs faithful in anſwering the Induſtry and Prayers of Man. Men then have had the Enjoyment of Life, but this Life has from time to time been expoſed to Danger, and croſſed by Calamities. All this

ſerves to put them in Mind that they are Sinners, that they deſerve Chaſtiſement, and that they ought to uſe their earneſt Endeavours to grow better. This is the natural Voice of thoſe Ills that God ſends upon the Earth, while on the other hand the Bleſſings, which God does not ceaſe to diffuſe in an abundant Manner, declare to them a merciful Maſter, who invites them to be grateful, and claims their Obedience, in order to reward them.

I found my ſelf obliged to enlarge a little upon this Article; and now it will be eaſy to anſwer the Objection that Mr *Pope* either propoſes himſelf, or puts in the Mouth of thoſe to whom he lends his Verſes.

If the great End *be* human *Happineſs*,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?
Verſe 145.

IT is eaſy to anſwer, that all Nature does not continually concur in procuring Good for Men, becauſe they are Sinners; and it is even neceſſary they ſhould be chaſtiſed, either becauſe they deſerve to be puniſh'd, or that Chaſtiſement may reform both thoſe who feel it themſelves, and thoſe who

who are Witneſſes of it in others. *If Nature deviates from what Men deſire, Why ſhould not Men deviate from what God demands?* I anſwer, that Men are free and active Beings, who, 'tis true, have no Right to do it, but yet have a Power of deviating from the Ways which are preſcribed to them, may add ſecond Faults to the firſt, and crown their Diſobedience with Rebellion.

Nature ----------
----- *as much* ---- *a conſtant Courſe requires*
Of Show'rs and Sun-ſhine, as of Man's Deſires;
As much eternal Springs, and cloudleſs Skies,
As Man for ever temp'rate, calm and wiſe.

A CONTINUAL Spring, and Skies for ever cloudleſs, would be fatal to the Earth and its Inhabitants; but can it be look'd upon as an Evil, that Men ſhould be for ever temperate, calm, and wiſe? I can ſee no Juſtice in this Compariſon, and the Fire of Poetry muſt have carry'd Mr *Pope* far beyond thoſe Bounds wherein Proſe requires that Reaſon ſhould be confin'd.

If Plagues or Earthquakes break not Heav'n's Deſign,
Why then a Borgia, *or a* Catiline?

THESE Words have no Senſe but in the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem, which confounds Moral with Phyſical, and in which all that we call Pleaſures, Pains, Contentment, Inquietudes, Wiſdom, Virtues, Truths, Errors, Vices, Crimes, Abominations, are the inevitable Conſequences of a Concatenation, either eternal, or as ancient as the World; but it is this very Thing that renders this Syſtem ſo ſhocking, that the bare propoſing of it is ſufficient to make good People tremble. 'Tis very great Matter of Mortification to Human Nature, that this Syſtem was invented by one Man, and adopted by many others.

Better for us perhaps it might appear,
Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here;
That never Air or Ocean felt the Wind,
That never Paſſion diſcompos'd the Mind.
But all ſubſiſts by Elemental Strife,
And Paſſions are the Elements of Life.

THESE laſt Words ſeem to me to be a ſtrong Proof that Mr *Pope*'s Deſign is to overthrow *Fataliſm*, and ſhew all the Impertinence of it. For is it poſſible that a Poet, whoſe Genius has ren-

der'd

der'd him ſo celebrated, would condeſcend to write for the moſt uncultivated Minds, which have nothing but confuſed Ideas, who know nothing but what the Prejudices of the Senſes teach them, and who are ready to give themſelves up to the moſt diſproportionate Compariſons, provided they be confidently propoſed, and contain a Collection of high Words?

IN corporeal Nature there is not one little Maſs that is perfectly ſimple, all are compoſed of little Particles which are called elementary; their Mixture is followed by Fermentations, ſometimes weak, and ſometimes ſtronger, which diminiſh theſe Particles ſtill more. Thus divided, and thus agitated, they ſerve for the Nouriſhment and Increaſe of organical Bodies; and it is to this Increaſe that we give the Name of Life. Have the Paſſions any thing in common with theſe Particles? Do their Mixture and Conflict ſerve for Nouriſhment to the Thinking Subſtance, and conſtitute its Life? I love Poetry, as you know, Sir: I feel the Influence of Mr *Pope*'s, even thro' a Proſe Tranſlation; but I confeſs to you, that if his

his Work pleaſes me in general, there are ſome Places in it which mortify me, and This in a very particular Manner. I give into what enlightens me, but diſſent from that which does nothing but dazzle. This laſt is the Effect of ſophiſtical Compariſons, and Words without Meaning or Senſe.

MR *Pope*, at the 164th Verſe, introduces a Madman upon the Stage, and aſks,

What wou'd this Man? Now upwards will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the Strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.

AND after having put the whimſical Imaginations of this Madman into Verſe, he concludes that

The Bliſs of Man (could Pride that Bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond *Mankind;*
No Pow'rs of Body or of Soul to ſhare,
But what his Nature and his State can bear.

THERE is Truth in this Thought, but we muſt not ſtretch it too far. We ought to live in a Reſignation to our Condition, though

though our Knowledge is bounded, and our Virtue imperfect. But this Reſignation is very far from an Indolence, which keeps us quiet in our Ignorance and its Conſequences, and takes away from us the Thought of endeavouring to get clear of it, to diſſipate it by little and little, and to render ourſelves perfect by Degrees. This is not a raſh Enterprize, our Nature is capable of it; this is not Pride, but Duty: We are under an Obligation of behaving ourſelves, of thinking and acting conformably to that Nature we have received. The Plants grow, our Soul too may grow in Knowledge and Virtue. The Growth of Plants is an Effect of external Cauſes, but that which thinks in us, has a Power of acting upon itſelf.

ALL that Mr *Pope* adds, verſe 185, *&c.* leads us naturally to conclude with him,

Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe;
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

IN ſome of the following Verſes, Mr *Pope* deſcribes, with a great deal of Elegance, the Gradations of Beings, which God

God thought fit to form. His infinite Knowledge conceiv'd the Ideas of this innumerable Diverſity of Species and Individuals, and his unbounded Power gave Exiſtence to a World, to which we can aſſign no Limits. I will only add, that I do not ſee what Reaſon there is to deny acknowledging a free Choice in this Multitude of Species, to which God has been pleaſed to determine himſelf. Would his Wiſdom have been forgotten, if he had form'd one leſs? or wou'd it have been carried to an Exceſs, if he had added one more?

IT ſeems to me too, and I cannot think otherwiſe, that a Univerſe, which contains free and active Intelligences, is evidently a Work more worthy of God, than one compoſed of Parts, which, from the firſt Moment of their Exiſtence, will continue to act, or rather to receive inevitably every one its own Condition, in which it ſeems to do that of itſelf, to which in reality it is determined by an antecedent Impreſſion, without being able to avoid it.

WHEN he continues, verſe 235,

---- One Step broken, the great Scale's deſtroy'd.
From Nature's Chain whatever Link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten thouſandth, breaks the Chain alike.
And if each Syſtem in gradation roll,
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt Confuſion, but in one, not all
That Syſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,
Planets and Suns ruſh lawleſs through the Sky.
Let ruling Angels from their Spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World,
Heav'n's whole Foundations to their Centre nod,
And Nature tremble, to the Throne of God.

the Poet ſuffers himſelf to be carried away by his Fire, and ſuppoſes a Syſtem of Nature, which has no more Foundation than the Imaginations of *Cyrano de Berjerac.*

WE have now no difficulty to conceive that every Star is a Sun, which like ours turns upon its Centre, and gives Light to its Planets. By virtue of the Laws of Impulſe, or thoſe of Attraction, all theſe Conjunctions keep themſelves in a perfect Equilibrium. The Proportions betwixt their Motions are ſo well eſtabliſhed,

bliſhed, that if there ſhou'd happen any Change, a conſtant Mechaniſm wou'd ſoon have repaired it.

BUT a thouſand and ten thouſand Alterations may happen in the Planets, with regard to their Plants, their Waters, and their Animals, without the Syſtem's ſuffering in the leaſt from them. The Laws, by which it conſiſts, receive no Modification from all thoſe little Changes which are made about us. To ſuppoſe this, is carrying the Syſtem too far; and the Patrons of Fataliſm have took care not to let ſlip ſo ſpecious an Occaſion of freeing themſelves from all Conſtraint. They were very earneſt to put themſelves into this Chain, in order to go on at random, and to have nothing to reproach themſelves with, whatever they might happen to do.

WOULD it be a Proof of the Skill of an Architect, to have built a Houſe in ſuch a Manner, that there cou'd not be ſo much as a Stone or a piece of Wood taken away, but that it muſt fall entirely down? Wou'd ſuch a cloſe Connection between all the Houſes in a Town, from one End to the other, declare it a Maſterpiece?

piece? Does ſo great a Conformity with a Houſe made of Cards, ſhow any Excellency? What wou'd be ſaid of an Engineer, who, to make his Art admired, ſhou'd have compoſed the Stones of a whole Fortification, in ſuch a Manner, that not one cou'd be removed from its Place, but the Whole muſt be overthrown? And is it not infinitely better, that the Effect of a Cannon Ball ſhou'd be confined to make but one Hole?

A YOUNG Man diſorders his Affairs by loſing his Money in Gaming with one of his Fellow Citizens. Will this Diſorder extend to the Extremity of the County? Will it extend even to half a League?

THE Belts which are obſerved to be in *Jupiter*, ſhew that there are great Changes in that Planet. Do we feel any Effects from theſe?

THERE are fixed Stars which vaniſh, and appear again: Do we at all perceive that ſo great an Effect extends to the neighbouring Stars?

'TIS a more evident Proof of Wiſdom in the great Maſter, that a Whole (I do not mean the univerſal Whole, but parti-

cular Syſtems) a Whole like this of the Earth, and its little Vortex ſhou'd ſubſiſt, notwithſtanding the Alterations which happen in the Parts that compoſe it.

THE Deſire of eſtabliſhing the Syſtem of Fatality gave riſe to the inventing that of theſe chimerical Dependencies, and made them to be confidently deliver'd as neceſſary, without the leaſt Proof.

" I have got drunk; it was neceſſary " I ſhou'd do ſo, for every thing in the " Univerſe is connected. My Head achs; " *Well, then you will not do ſo any more*; " Why not? If it be my Fate, it is my " Buſineſs to acquieſce." This is what they are pleaſed to call by the venerable Name of Submiſſion to divine Providence.

" *But you are ſubject to epileptic Fits,* " *and may, perhaps, die in one of them.*

IF that happens, it will be my Fate, and the Good of the Univerſe requires it. *Die and adore God* (Verſe * 88) is my Motto. I do not refrain from Wine, and I am not afraid of its Effects. Upon the whole, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

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* Wait the great Teacher Death, and God adore.

NERO

NERO gave Entertainments, where young People of Quality of both Sexes attended without being cover'd with any Vail. *Heliogabalus* had his Chariot drawn by naked Women. What a Happineſs is it that there were *Neroes* and *Heliogabuluſes*, ſince that did happen, the Good of the Univerſe required that it ſhould happen! Without a *Nero* and an *Heliogabulus* a Link would have been wanting, and from thence (ſince all the Pieces depend on one another) the Confuſion would have reached to the *Throne of God* *.

IF being infatuated with a Syſtem be not Pedantry, what is? We laugh to ſee the Appearance of a Fool upon the Stage, who againſt ſaying the *Form* of a Hat, and not the *Figure*, exclaims; "*Ariſtotle* "would not have expreſſedhimſelf thus." Shall we laugh leſs at a Man, who deſigning to lay his Hat upon a Table, lets it fall upon the Floor, and ſays very ſeriouſly; It was as impoſſible that this ſhould not happen, as it is that the Sun

* *Heav'n's whole Foundations to their Centre nod,*
And Nature trembles to the Throne of God.

ſhould not ſet to Day? In the Syſtem of the Univerſe all is connected, the greateſt as the leaſt. There muſt be wiſe Men in the Counſels of Kings, and mad Men in *Bedlam*. And here is one found.

IF I was a *Leibnitzian*, and at Night ſhould take a Review of my Behaviour, What a Happineſs is it, ſhould I ſay, that I cruſh'd that Snail! Since it is dead, it is a Proof that the Continuation of its Life would have been a Diſorder capable of overſetting the Univerſe! But what a Happineſs is it too, that I was taken off from treading upon another, for ſince that remained alive, it was neceſſary to the Good of the *Whole!*

WHEN Naturaliſts have made an Hypotheſis, and indulge themſelves in a Conjecture; if they are wiſe, the more it is peculiar to them, the more they diſtruſt it, for fear of deceiving themſelves. They oblige themſelves to examine firſt of all whether it does not ſuppoſe any thing impoſſible, inconceivable, or any thing that is againſt Common Senſe; if it does, they abandon it.

NOW the *Leibnitzian* Hypotheſis overthrows the ſimple and natural Ideas of Morality, of Juſt and Unjuſt, of Laudable and Puniſhable; it is not in the Power of intelligent Natures to act otherwiſe than they do; they Will nothing but what they are under an inevitable Neceſſity of Willing, and without which nothing could prevent the Univerſe being overthrown.

BESIDES, this Syſtem has no Regard to the Proportion which ought to be maintained between Cauſes and their Effects. 'Tis agreed, for Example, that there is only an arbitrary Connection between the Characters of Writing and the Sounds of Speech, ſince the ſame Words, that is to ſay, the ſame Sounds, may be expreſſed by quite different Characters: Yet the Impreſſion of the Characters, drawn upon a Paper, makes upon the Eyes, that have no Knowledge, a mechanical Impreſſion, from whence the Sounds reſult. If the Eye of the Body is ſtruck by theſe Characters, PUT THIS LATIN INTO FRENCH, theſe Characters no ways perceiv'd, that is to ſay, of which the Eye has no Idea, will, by

the Intervention of the Eye, make an Impreſſion upon the Organs of the Voice, and the Hand, from whence will be produced *French* Characters and Sounds, without any Underſtanding being concerned in them.

A NATURAL Philoſopher will oblige himſelf too to abandon the Hypotheſis, whenever it will not furniſh him with Explications applicable to thoſe Phenomena which it is deſign'd to explain. Now, what an Infatuation muſt it be, not to ſee that the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem of Fatality is entirely contrary to the moſt inconteſtable Facts! A Country Woman puts twelve Eggs under a Hen to ſit on, another puts fourteen; if the firſt had put fourteen, and the ſecond twelve, this Confuſion of Time and Place would have drawn Diſorder too on the Univerſe, and much more ſo, if one had put thirteen and the other fifteen.

MR *De Reaumur* has taught the Method of taking thoſe white Butterflies from which the Caterpillars that devour Cabbages are produc'd. Before this, theſe Butterflies multiplied in great abundance, and

and the Syſtem of the Univerſe neceſſarily requir'd that it ſhould be ſo; for every thing there is connected, every thing in a Chain. If afterwards theſe Butterflies were produced in much leſs Numbers, there would happen Changes in the Univerſe which required ſuch a Diminution, and, in order that it might take place, inevitable Cauſes determin'd Mr *De Reaumur* to publiſh his Book. I am delighted whenever I meet, in reading Mr *Pope*, with ſome Lines which depart from the Syſtem of Fatality. Verſe 253.

What if the Head, the Eye, or Ear repin'd
To ſerve mere Engines to the ruling Mind;
Juſt as abſurd, &c.

THE pre-eſtabliſh'd Harmony does not ſuffer any one to think thus, who allows the Body no Power over the Mind, nor the Mind over the Body. Verſe 259.

All are but Parts of one ſtupendous Whole,
Whoſe Body Nature *is, and* God *the Soul;*
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the Earth, as in th' Ætherial Frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreſhes in the Breeze,

Glows

Glows in the Stars, and bloſſoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent, &c.

WHAT he adds to correct theſe ſurprizing Aſſertions, forms Antitheſes ſtill more paradoxical. A Follower of *Spinoza* would expreſs himſelf after this Manner; for *Spinoza* would acknowledge only one Subſtance, to which he granted the Name of God, leſt he ſhould be accuſed of not allowing any; and he pretended that we ourſelves, and all that to which we give the Name of Creatures, are nothing elſe but this Subſtance, differently modified. I am obliged to Father *Tournemine* for having thought how to ſoften the Expreſſions of Mr *Pope*, and to remove them, as well as their Author, from a Suſpicion of *Spinoziſm.* It is not becauſe Mr *Pope* is born a Catholic, that I take Pleaſure in thinking that when he ſpeaks of God, as he that

Warms in the Sun, refreſhes in the Breeze,
Glows in the Stars, and bloſſoms in the Trees,

his

his Expreſſions amount to this, that it is God who made the Sun proper to warm, and the Trees to bloſſom. I confeſs to you, Sir, however, that I love to ſee God ſpoken of with great Reverence, and great Caution; and I am not edify'd, when an Author, in ſpeaking of ſo great an Object, indulges himſelf in Turns of Wit and Antitheſes, which may lead to very falſe Ideas. I remember to have read in *Vanini* Heaps of pompous Antitheſes, by which he ſeem'd to teach wonderful Things; and yet he connected theſe Terms together only becauſe he thought them contradictory, and had a Mind to make the Idea to which they were apply'd, paſs for a Collection of Contradictions.

GLOWING Stars, and *blooming Trees*, preſent us with pleaſing Ideas: But if theſe Expreſſions are juſt and well grounded, the following will be ſo too: *'Tis the univerſal Cauſe, 'tis the Soul of all Nature*; in a Word, 'tis God who flatters in Courtiers, is impoſed on in the Prince, lyes in the Lawyer, who is perjur'd in the falſe Witneſs, who ſells Juſtice in the

the Judge, blaſphemes in the Infidel, pronounces ridiculous Prayers in the Superſtitious, metamorphoſes himſelf into all Sorts of Figures in the Idolater, denies himſelf in the Atheiſt; who, in *Spinoza*, is every thing and nothing, hid under undeterminate Expreſſions, which give nothing real to lay hold on: In another Author he is the great Monade, eternally attentive to the Play of an infinite Number of Corporeal Machines, and an infinite Number of Monades, whoſe Thoughts are directed by a neceſſary Chain of Cauſes, though to themſelves they ſeem free, and which imagine continually that they direct the Motions of Machines, upon which they have no Influence, and from which they receive no Impreſſion: 'Tis this great Monade which devours Men in the *Iroquois*, that mixes the deadly Draught in the Poiſoner, that pronounces the formidable Sentence in the Preſident againſt the unfortunate Convict, who however did nothing but what was impoſſible for him not to do, or, as they love to ſpeak it, inevitable. His Machine did it neceſſarily, and,

by

by virtue of the *pre-eſtabliſh'd Harmony*, his Soul willed it inevitably. 'Tis too the ſame univerſal Cauſe that executes the given Sentence, and makes the unhappy Wretch expire in Torments. He boaſts in St *Peter*, afterwards denies, and at laſt weeps and repents, and in *Judas* hangs himſelf.

WHEN a Man perſiſts in the Syſtem which leads ſo directly to ſuch horrible Conſequences, can it be wonder'd if that he falls under the Suſpicion of *Atheiſm?* What Sentiments of Religion is it poſſible to conceive in a Man, who indulges himſelf in ſuch Ideas of God as ought to make all who adore him tremble?

HOMER has repreſented his Gods contending with one another. The Syſtem which Mr *Pope* deſigned to ſhew the Extravagance of, repreſents God as contrary to himſelf, Author of the Crime in the Wicked and Reprobate, and Author of the Puniſhment in the Judges who condemn them; for, according to it, every Thought in a human Monade is the natural and inevitable Conſequence of thoſe which preceded it.

LET

LET us again ſtop a little to conſider the Verſes which finiſh the firſt Book. Verſe 275.

---------- This kind, this due Degree
Of Blindneſs, Weakneſs, Heaven beſtows on thee.

I CONSENT to this Expreſſion (*kind*) and do not wrangle about it, it may be render'd in a good Senſe. In effect, our Ignorance and our Weakneſs turn to our Happineſs, by the Endeavours which we make to enlighten and ſtrengthen ourſelves. God is pleaſed to take account of theſe our Endeavours, and as a tender and equitable Father looks upon them as a Merit, and rewards us for them. But it will not be the ſame with thoſe who take no Pains to get out of their Ignorance and Weakneſs. Verſe 277.

Submit ------- in this, or any other Sphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the Hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour.

IF theſe Words ſignify, *Give yourſelf up to the Direction of your Inclinations and your*

your Fate, and die with Confidence. The Promiſe is great, but it requires Security, and, for want of ſufficient Security, very ſtrong Proofs, and ſuch as are ſuitable to ſo great a Concern.

IN this Paragraph, from theſe Words,

All Nature is but Art, -------

to thoſe,

And ſpight of Pride, in erring Reaſon's Spight,
One Truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT,

I muſt confeſs to you, that I read an Argument that haſtens to a greater Concluſion, but far from finding any Proofs, I ſee nothing like them.

MY Inclination carries me, and I think myſelf obliged, to aſcribe to Mr *Pope* no unreaſonable Opinions: But theſe honeſt Intentions, which I congratulate myſelf upon, do not, however, prejudice me ſo far, as not to diſcover in theſe Expreſſions the Style of *Fataliſm.* One Thing puzzles me, and is even beyond my Comprehenſion, which is, to gueſs what Mr *Pope*'s Intention was, unleſs it be the Plea-

ſure of making Verſes upon a Subject upon which Poetry has never been yet employ'd.

A WORK of *Spinoza*'s, intitled, *De Emendatione Intellectus, viz.* of the *Correction of the Underſtanding*, is looked upon as ridiculous. *Spinoza* pretended that all our Thoughts are the inevitable Conſequences of a Subordination, or of an eternal Concatenation of Cauſes; What is it then that he would have us reform? Can we, according to him, new mould ourſelves? And have we the leaſt Power over ourſelves?

THE ſame Queſtion may be made to Mr *Pope*, ſuppoſing him a *Fataliſt*, 'To 'what Purpoſe do you write? To what 'Purpoſe do you repeat to us in pom-'pous Verſes, "Ceaſe to be proud, Think "only how to ſubmit thyſelf to Fate, "Be contented with thy Condition, with-"out deſiring to amend it?" Fate will have a full Power over us, without his telling us ſo, if his Syſtem is true. The Care which he has taken to write will contribute nothing to it, his Book will act only on our Eyes, his Verſes on our Ears,

Ears, and the Impreſſions received in our Eyes and Ears will not penetrate to our Soul, becauſe the Body does not act upon it; and if we come to conceive ſuch Opinions as Mr *Pope* would have us, this will be by virtue of a Concatenation of Cauſes, which will produce them at a ſeaſonable Time, and which will acquire no Strength from all the Leſſons that he has ſung us.

IT is loſt Labour, and an unjuſt Reproach, for him to cenſure our Pride; if we have it, we receiv'd it elſewhere; it is our Buſineſs to ſubmit, and this Submiſſion too is an Effect of ſome Cauſe, unknown, and diſtinct from us.

I WILL aſk Mr *Pope* too, Are you well aſſured of the Truth of your Syſtem? If he anſwers, I cannot doubt of it; We will reply to him, That the oppoſite Syſtem ſeems evident to us, and that we are obliged to acknowledge ourſelves free and active Intelligences. What Miſchief then will he not render himſelf anſwerable for, if certain Intelligences, free and active, but diſpoſed to indulge themſelves in Idleneſs and Vice, inſtead of reſiſting theſe

Diſpoſitions, and changing them into more reaſonable ones, as they might, come to abuſe their Liberty, and, in order to live more licentiouſly, are determin'd to embrace the Opinion, That they are ſubjected to a Fate, which it is not poſſible to ſurmount, and which they cannot even endeavour to ſurmount, without making themſelves guilty of Impiety!

THUS Mr *Pope*'s Work can do no Good: For if it be true, an inevitable Fate will do all, without his being in the leaſt concern'd; and if it is falſe, it may do a great deal of Miſchief, and lull in Inaction and Security, Intelligences, capable indeed of inſtructing themſelves by an attentive Examination, but capable too of haſtily embracing thoſe Opinions which favour the Inclinations they find it troubleſome to reſiſt.

RE-

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

SECOND EPISTLE

OF

Mr *POPE*'s ESSAY on MAN.

I Will begin my Reflections on the Second Epiſtle with a Remark, that other Readers, as well as myſelf, have made: It is, that when we look in each of theſe Epiſtles for nothing but Inſtructions, agreeable to its Title, we find ourſelves preſently miſtaken. Mr *Pope* without doubt had conſider'd all his Subject before he began his Work. His lively and capacious Imagination paſſes from one Idea to another, and carries itſelf beyond what we expect. From hence ariſes this Advantage, that we read it a ſecond Time, and thoſe who are more deſirous to inſtruct themſelves, and underſtand it well, enter on a third Peruſal.

------ *Preſume not God to ſcan.* v. 1. &c.

THIS Stroke falls upon the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem: There never was a more daring one. Its Defenders deny God the Power of giving Being to free and active Intelligences. They conceive him to be under a neceſſity of creating ſuch a World as we ſee, and deprive him of the Freedom of Choice. They make him as well the Author of whatever appears the moſt ſhocking to Human Underſtanding, as of that which it acknowledges to be the moſt lovely and eſtimable.

The proper Study of Mankind is Man.

Mr. *Pope* draws, at firſt ſight, an Idea of this *Man*, whom he excites us to ſtudy; but he clogs this Idea with ſo many figurative Terms, he looks upon it in ſo many different Lights, he preſents it under ſo many Oppoſitions, and ſo many either real or ſeeming Contradictions, that his Reader, not daring to hope to unfold it himſelf, is quite diſpoſed to give himſelf up to any one who will endeavour to inſtruct him.

HE

He makes Sir *Iſaac Newton* appear like an *Ape* *. He wou'd be in the right, if Man was nothing but a Machine, whoſe Springs were ſet to Work by Foreign Cauſes. Sir *Iſaac Newton* had ſtudied Himſelf, he knew from whence he came, and to what he was appointed; he made this his Employment. Endued with Knowledge, perhaps, without an Equal, his Modeſty was as great as his Knowledge, and he was a better Chriſtian than an Aſtronomer. This is the true Picture that Mr *De Fontanelle* gives of him.

Two Principles in human Nature reign;
Self-Love to urge, and Reaſon to reſtrain.

I can eaſily excuſe Mr *Pope* for having perſonified *Self-Love* and *Reaſon*, and having preſented them as two Parties, and almoſt two Subſtances, which have each their proper Function different from that of the other. Many Authors have made uſe of this Method, and by that Means perplex'd what they propoſed to clear. Mr *Pope*, carried along with the Crowd, and

* And ſhew'd a *Newton* as we ſhew an *Ape*. v. 39.

and his own Fire, is ſo little aware of his having rendered himſelf obſcure, and departed from Exactneſs, that he confidently inſults the Schoolmen, *more ſtudious to divide than to unite.*

In order to profit by reading him, I have apply'd my ſelf to ſeparate my Ideas. Man loves himſelf, and for that Reaſon ſeeks to render himſelf happy. In this Search, when he follows confuſed Opinions, he falls into Miſtakes; but when he conducts his Steps by clear Ideas, he has no need to repent. Inſtructed by theſe clear Ideas, far from reſtraining himſelf, he takes Courage. His Ideas make him foreſee the *future.* They bring back, agreeably to his Mind, the Remembrance of the *paſt*, which they procured him. They give him a Right to applaud himſelf in the *preſent*, of which they make him underſtand and perceive the Value. The better we are acquainted with the Value of any Good, the more earneſt are we to procure it before we have it, and when we are in Poſſeſſion of it, we take the greater Care to keep it, and give ourſelves the Enjoyment of it with the greater

Attention

Attention and Perſeverance. In proportion as our Choice, our Endeavours, and our Attachments are lively, they take the Name of Paſſions, and theſe Paſſions are more or leſs vehement. They are of great uſe, becauſe they make us endeavour with the greater Ardour and Perſeverance to acquire what we have need of, and what may contribute to our Happineſs and Perfection. But for this End, it is neceſſary that the Plans which we form of our Behaviour, and their Executions, ſhou'd be founded upon, and directed by clear Ideas, and juſt Concluſions. If confuſed Ideas, and obſcure Opinions produce our Deſires, and direct our Projects, we ſhall quit the firſt for a ſecond, and the ſecond for a third, and our Life will be but a Succeſſion of flattering Hopes, Repentance, Confuſions, imperfect Pleaſures, and ſuch as are always either accompanied or followed by Inquietudes and Chagrin.

BY the Aſſiſtance of this little Syſtem, I eaſily diſcover, that which Mr *Pope* has not been diſtinct enough in, what we are, what we ought to be, and what we may arrive

arrive to, if we will endeavour for it. A ſcrupulous Exactneſs wou'd not have ſuited a Poem, whoſe End is as much to ſurprize as inſtruct, to move as well as enlighten. The Reader muſt be left to the Pleaſure of making Reflections, if he thinks fit, and to make a Progreſs himſelf in the Way which the Author was contented only to open.

As Man, perhaps, the Moment of his Breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of Death;
The young Diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his Growth, and ſtrengthens with his Strength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very Frame,
The Mind's Diſeaſe, its ruling Paſſion *came:*
v. 123, &c.

POETRY gives an Author the Privilege of not troubling himſelf about the Juſtneſs of Compariſons, it is ſufficient for him if they are ſpecious, and, if poſſible, new, and by this Character ſtrike the Imagination of the Reader more ſtrongly. I excuſe then theſe ſort of Compariſons in a Poet, but ſhou'd blame them in a Philoſopher.

IT often happens that a Perſon, threatened from his Infancy with Diſorders in his Stomach, grows old, and dies at laſt of quite a different Illneſs. It is the ſame with ſeveral other Diſtempers.

EDUCATION, the Examples with which we are ſurrounded, and *Fortune*, that is to ſay, the Condition of thoſe to whom we owe Life, have more ſhare in the *ruling Paſſions* than the Conſtitution has.

The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill.

This is true, if it be extended only to that which often happens; but if he pretends to give this Remark as a univerſal Truth, it is a Miſtake. The want of Power in Reaſon over the *ruling Paſſion* is an old Complaint, and has given occaſion to many Tales greedily adopted by young People. "I feel in my ſelf a God, ſays "*Medea*; it is in vain to reſiſt him:" —— True, it is not to be done without ſtruggling, but however it may be done.

A MAN who was not acquainted with *Socrates*, and who pretended to a Skill in Phyſiognomy, perceived in him the Marks

Marks of certain Inclinations which *Socrates* was very remote from. The Phyſiognomiſt was laughed at, and would have loſt all his Reputation, if *Socrates* had not been ſincere enough to own that he was born with thoſe Diſpoſitions, but that he had taken great Pains to get rid of them.

WHAT cannot be done eaſily, may be accompliſhed by a little Trouble; what cannot be brought about by ſlight Endeavours, may be procured by a greater Application and Perſeverance; that which is become exceedingly difficult by being deferr'd too long, would have been much leſs ſo, if it had been endeavour'd at in good Time: Every one, if he will, may make happy Experiments of this, and by that means find in himſelf the Overthrow of thoſe Syſtems that tend to Fatality.

IF there are in every Man certain Inclinations againſt which Reaſon has no Power, and that he is, by this means, reduced either to ſilence that Reaſon, or to the miſerable Extremity of conſtantly condemning himſelf, and doing all his Life that which he cannot avoid con-

condemning. If God has made us ſuch, and is the Author of theſe Contrarieties, where are the Wonders of that Providence

——— All good, and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

MR *Pope*, Ep. I. v. 197 *, and the following, ſtill figurative in his Style, and lively in his Poetry, does not enough diſtinguiſh between the Virtues and Vices of Men. There may be ſome who may eaſily know themſelves in his Pictures, if they will; there are ſome perhaps who will take Occaſion from thence to reform. But, 'tis to be feared that many will make a wrong Uſe, and excuſe themſelves from growing more ſtrictly virtuous than they are.

IF Men were perfectly reaſonable, Mankind would be happy, every one would conſult another's Good like his own; but there are few who take Reaſon conſtantly for their Guide. The Number of thoſe who give but a ſlight Attention to it is verygreat, and there are too many who deviate entirely from it. Nevertheleſs,

* *Tho' each, by Turns, the other's Right invade*, &c.

God, who does not think fit to new-mould Mankind, nor revoke the Liberty that he has given to human Nature, ſuffers not the Abuſes which they make of that Liberty; the Obliquity of their Wit, and the Corruption of their Heart, to overthrow Society, and he find means in his Wiſdom to deduce Good from Ill. Men are ſenſible of their Wants, each has Need of the Aſſiſtance of others: They are from thence convinced of the Neceſſity they are under of doing mutual good Offices; they are pleaſed with this Intercourſe, and, after having begun, out of a Motive of Intereſt, that which it would have been more generous to have begun out of ſincere Affection, there are ſome who continue it upon more laudable Principles. That which Men would not be determin'd to by Generoſity, they apply themſelves to upon a Motive of Ambition; and Principles, which are very far from being upright, make them frame an Appearance of Virtues, which Society often receives Advantage from, but ſometimes ſuffers by. Theſe are the Ideas that occur'd to me, and which I have rang'd in the

above Order, in reflecting upon the foregoing Verſes.

Fools! who from hence into the Notion fall,
That Vice *or* Virtue *there is none at all.* v. 202

THIS Exclamation ſtruck me, I did not expect it. Mr *Pope* is not uſed to explain his Principles in a Manner ſenſible enough to let us ſee the Connexion of one of his Periods with the other.

THE Syſtem of Fatality gives Room for this Objection: If all happens neceſſarily; if our Volitions themſelves, and that which appears to us the moſt free, is owing to the Concatenations of Cauſes, and ſecret Impreſſions, whoſe Effects are inevitable; there paſſes nothing in Intelligences, that deſerves either to be rewarded or puniſhed.

WHEN the Author tells me *Nero* might have reigned like *Titus*, if he would; I anſwer, Could he Will it? Experience proves that he could not, for that which did happen, muſt neceſſarily have happen'd. Nay, the Good of the Univerſe requir'd that *Nero* ſhould live as he did, for otherwiſe he would not have lived ſo; for it did

not belong to *Nero* to make the leaſt Breach in any of the Links which compoſe thoſe Chains that preſerve the Harmony of the Univerſe.

AMONG the Partiſans of Fataliſm, or thoſe who apologize for it, there are ſome who have taken this Turn in order to make the *pre-eſtabliſhed Harmony* the more eaſily receivable.

GOD, who foreſaw what thoſe Motions of the Body, which Men from time to time deſire, would be, formed the Machine of the human Body in ſuch a Manner, that by virtue of its Conſtruction, and by virtue of the Operation of Beings that act exernally upon it, it performs of itſelf Motions conformable to the Will of the Soul.

FROM hence it plainly follows, that all the extravagant Thoughts which may ariſe in the Soul, all the falſe Judgments, all the abſurd Reaſonings, all the impure, unjuſt, deteſtable, monſtrous, cruel, blaſphematory Deſires; all theſe Actions that might ſucceſſively ariſe in the Soul; the eternal Being has ſo ſkilfully formed the whole Univerſe, and human Bodies in parti-

particular, that every one of them ſeaſonably, at its proper Time, ſhould have Motions conformable to the Will of a certain Soul. That in the Succeſſion of Ages, there ſhould appear Machines, which would execute exactly all the Horrors of the Inquiſition. The Univerſe was prepar'd, from the Beginning of its Conſtruction, to cauſe ſuch Machines to appear upon its great Theatre, and God lent his great Art to the Execution of theſe deteſtable Volitions.

THEY muſt have an exceſſive Preſumption in favour of themſelves, and look on the reſt of Mankind with the utmoſt Contempt, who imagine them to be ſo ſtupid as not too ſee that this Philoſophy tends directly to overthrow all Religion.

IN a Monade, that is to ſay, a Subſtance perfectly ſimple, the Idea of a Theft aroſe with the Will to execute it. This Monade was called the Soul of *Cartouche.* The Idea of that Man, and the Will to imitate him, aroſe in many others. Immediately the Machines found themſelves diſpoſed, and the Univerſe lent its Aſſiſtance to ſet them a playing. The Idea

of a Card riſes in the Monade of a Gameſter; by the Effect of an innumerable Concatenation of Movements, its Hand preciſely lays hold of its Card, and throws it upon the Table. The Will of the other Players is determined after a certain Manner, and the Conſtruction of the Univerſe realiſes theſe Ideas. Who wou'd not admire the incomprehenſible Art of the perfect Wiſdom of the adorable Creator, who does all?

IN the Monade of *David* ariſes the Idea of a beautiful Woman coming out of the Bath, and together with this Idea ariſes the Will of poſſeſſing her. In that very Time, in another Monade, ariſe the Ideas of being ſought by a King, and the Will follows theſe Ideas, and the Motions of Machines all prepared for their Execution. The Ideas and Wills of ſeveral Souls, not one of which had any Influence upon the other, and which, by the Effect of innumerable Succeſſions, were every one of them produced at the proper Time, followed all this with the Movements of Machines, each of which punctually executed the correſpondent Will, even to

that

that of *Uriah*, whoſe Springs were put in Diſorder. Indeed here is more than enough to render any one, that gives himſelf up to theſe Chimeras, mad, unleſs he be already ſo.

How many Tears might it have ſaved *David*, if he had been acquainted with the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem! All this, wou'd he have ſaid, ought inevitably to happen: The Perfection of the Univerſe required it. It was neceſſary for him to be what he was, in order that, of all poſſible Works or Monades, he might be the moſt worthy of God. There is but too much Appearance, that the Inclination of acquiring ſuch a Tranquillity as this, is the true Source of that Violence, with which many People, who are not Fools, adopt this Syſtem.

This Reaſoning which I alledge againſt the Fataliſts, is without contradiction above their Subtleties; but ſince they are unable to anſwer, they elude it. *Oh Fools! not to diſcover the Difference between Virtue and Vice!* I agree, this is truly a Folly, and the greateſt Extravagance: But, in order to avoid being guilty of this, it is not ſufficient

ſufficient to perceive a Difference between Virtue and Vice, in the ſame manner, as we find one between a Grape and a Cheſnut; Virtue merits Eſteem, is amiable and worthy of Reward; Vice is deſpicable, odious, and deſerves Puniſhment; this muſt be added, and yet this Addition wou'd not be allowed, if God was equally Author of one and the other, and if the one was as inevitable a Conſequence of the Conſtruction of the Univerſe, and its firſt Impulſe, as the other.

Vice is a Monſter of ſo frightful Mien, v. 208.
As to be hated needs but to be ſeen.

This is a fine Confeſſion: However, this Monſter, frightful as ſhe is, ſeen too *oft*, grows familiar to us, and we grow familiar with her: This is but too true, and the Fataliſts are a Proof of it.

What happier Natures ſhrink at with Affright,
A harden'd Profligate -----
------ *contends is right.*

We vulgar Minds, when we hear of a Murder being committed, are concerned at it, and often ſhed Tears; but a Fataliſt,

liſt, eſtabliſhed in his ſublime Speculations, will content himſelf with ſaying, What a Happineſs is this! Had not this Murder happened, one Chain wou'd have been broke, and all the reſt wou'd have felt the Effects of it. The Univerſe wou'd have been ſhaken, and perhaps quite overſet by it. " But do not you pity " the afflicted Family, who ſuffer ſo " greatly by the Loſs of ſuch a Father? You may weep with them if you pleaſe (will he reply;) ſince you ſhed Tears, I conclude that they are neceſſary: But with me, the Ill that happens to a Part gives Place to the Good of the Whole. The Univerſe is more dear to me than a ſingle Family, That which has juſt happen'd gives me Joy.

THERE is a great deal of Difference between admiring the Wiſdom, Goodneſs, and Power of God, who does not ſuffer Vice to produce all the Ill in Society, that might naturally ariſe from it, and who even draws uſeful Effects from it; there is, I ſay, a great deal of Difference between this, and laying it down for certain, that God himſelf is the Author of

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thoſe Actions which we call vicious, and that he produces them in order to deduce that Good which we ſee ariſe from them. I will not therefore, like Mr *Pope*, reckon the *Virgin's Shame* as a Frailty, I will not ſay that, in order to *counterwork each Folly and Caprice*, God has given

To Kings Preſumption, *and to Crowds* Belief.
v. 234.

PRESUMPTION ought not to be looked upon as the Gift of God to Princes: This Gift is not advantageous to themſelves. I can eaſily comprehend that the People often ſuffer by it, and this is proved by Experience; but I do not ſee what Advantage they reap from it. A Prince, who has not a greater Opinion of his own Ability than it really deſerves, takes Counſel, and deliberates with Attention; A Prince who does not think of himſelf greater than he is, and reckons himſelf to be of no greater Value in the ſight of God than his Subjects are, will govern them with much the greater Juſtice.

Neither is Credulity a Gift of Heaven. To believe without Proof, is to abandon Reaſon;

Reaſon; but not to preſume to decide that which is above the Reach of what we know ourſelves to be capable of, is Wiſdom. A Man of the common People, lets thoſe, who think they have more Senſe than he, diſpute, without troubling himſelf to make them agree, and without endeavouring, by raſh Aſſertions or Negations, to ſtrengthen a Party.

Taught half by Reaſon, *half by mere* Decay,
We welcome Death, and calmly paſs away.

If there be a ruling Paſſion in Man, it is the Deſire of Life. Mr. *Pope* in this Place thinks fit to ſubject it to *Reaſon*, whoſe Weakneſs he had before eſtabliſhed. There are People who are terribly afraid of Death notwithſtanding theſe two Aſſiſtances, and there are a great Number whoſe Fears the Sentiments of *Religion* alone are able to remove. But Mr *Pope* has not thought fit to celebrate this valuable Preſent in his Poem; he there celebrates our Weakneſſes, our very Vices diſguiſed under the Name of Virtues; and it was not fit that Religion ſhou'd be put upon a Level with them.

Whate'er

Whate'er the Paſſion ------ v. 251.
Not one will change his Neighbour with himſelf.

THESE Expreſſions are equivocal: No Man that conſiders what he ſays wou'd change himſelf for another, that is to ſay, ceaſe to be himſelf in order to become another, for what Advantage wou'd he gain from ſuch a Change? Ceaſing to be himſelf, he wou'd ceaſe to be; but as to Circumſtances, nothing is more common than to ſee People diſcontented with their own Condition, and admiring that of others. Mr *Pope* is a great Poet, and therefore I am perſuaded he has a great regard for *Horace*, who has ſo elegantly declared this Truth in his Verſes. So Mr *Pope* will not convince us by the Force of Antitheſes, though to augment the Number of them he makes a Collection of Madmen;

The Sot a Hero, Lunatic a King. v. 258.

THERE does not ſeem to me any thing to draw this Conſequence from,

See! ſome ſtrange Comfort every State attend.

This

This pretended Fact is contrary to Experience, and in ſome of theſe Comforts there wou'd be more Folly than Wonder, and we ſhou'd be rather to be pitied than congratulated. Here ſeems to me to be one truly ſolid and rational: It is neceſſary for Mankind, that thoſe who compoſe it ſhou'd be divided into ſeveral Profeſſions. A low Mechanick, a Shepherd, or Labourer may ſay, There are ſome Profeſſions more ſhining than mine, but *I* had not a Capacity of attaining to them, and the great Governor of Men is as well pleaſed with me, if I diſcharge that which is fallen to my Share with Diligence and Fidelity, as if I was ſerviceable to Mankind in a higher Rank, of which, perhaps, I might not acquit my ſelf ſo well.

'Tis thus too that Envy and Emulation are not the Gifts of God, eſpecially Envy, which Mr *Pope* joins with Emulation, tho' they are very different: Providence however directs them to good Effects, but theſe Effects might flow more pure and more abundant from another Source. An honeſt Man ſees another of the ſame Profeſſion work induſtriouſly,

and go on with great Succeſs. He has an Eſteem for this active Man, he likes the Uſe which he makes of his Talents, he reads with Pleaſure his own Duty in this Example, and is excited to imitate it; he will follow his Model then, and be very far from endeavouring to circumvent him out of Envy.

IT is not neceſſary then that *Pride* ſhould be

-------- *Beſtow'd on all a common Friend.*

Each Want of Happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each Vacuity of Senſe by Pride.

This does happen, but it is not the Work of God. The Light of Reaſon is ſufficient to ſupply us with incomparably more ſolid and valuable Comforts. What an Imagination is this! A Man pleaſes himſelf with making Verſes, and ſucceeds very ill in them; he is not, however, diſcouraged or mortified with it: Why? Becauſe God has been graciouſly pleaſed to ſupply his little Share of Capacity by a very large Share of Pride: Within a very little of being the laſt in the Liſt of Poets, he is happy in being mad enough

enough to think himſelf almoſt worthy of the firſt Rank, at leaſt, equal to thoſe who are reckon'd to be in the ſecond or third.

MEN have the Weakneſs to aſſent to Conjectures which pleaſe them; by this means they entertain themſelves with Chimeras, and feed their Vanity. This is their own Fault entirely, it ought not to be laid upon God, who does not make Men Fools to prevent their being diſcontented. Let them become wiſe; this happy Change will procure them Satisfaction. But the Fataliſt will ſay, It is of Importance to the Univerſe, that they ſhould perſiſt in their Folly.

LET us *confeſs* this Truth,

------- *Tho'* Man's a Fool, *yet* GOD IS WISE.

This Truth is inconteſtable. It is impoſſible that the Folly of Men ſhould, in reality, caſt the leaſt Blemiſh upon the Wiſdom of God. But ſhould we not be afraid of obſcuring, of perplexing, and even deſtroying the Idea which we ought to form to ourſelves of this all-adorable

Wiſdom, by aſcribing to it, as one of its Effects, the Folly of Men, and that Pride which intoxicates and accompanies them all their Life as a *common Friend?*

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

THIRD EPISTLE

OF

Mr *POPE*'s ESSAY on MAN.

THE Ancients gave their Poets the Name of *Vates*, that is to ſay, *Prophets*. Their warm Imagination expreſſed itſelf in ſo lively and pompous a Manner, they ſpoke in ſo exalted a Strain, that they ſeem'd to have a Commiſſion of inſtructing Mankind from ſome inviſible and ſuperior Power. I confeſs, Sir, that I perceive in this Work of Mr *Pope*'s the Marks of thoſe Imaginations which Father *Malebranche* calls *contagious*. I find myſelf attracted, I know not how, to read him with Pleaſure, and even Reſpect. Prepared by the Effect of his Poetic Proſe, when he

begins his third Epiſtle with calling me *bounded Man!* * I humbly ſubmit myſelf to my Maſter, and prepare myſelf to receive his Leſſons with Reſpect. But an inveterate Habit that calls me back to examine, prompts me to aſk him; You who demand my Attention by theſe Imperious Expreſſions, *Learn bounded Man*, do you perceive that your Mind has carried itſelf beyond the Bounds preſcribed to the Mind of others? I would have it ſo, for I ſeek to be inſtructed. I attend to you then. Verſe 1.

-------- *The* Univerſal Cauſe
Acts to one End, -------.

Let this great Truth be preſent Night and Day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach, *or* pray.

Here is a great deal of Knowledge, and that of the moſt ſublime Sort. Mr *Pope* gives us more than he had made us hope for, Ep. I. v. 21.

Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

BUT

* *Apprens, Homme borné, que le maitre du monde.*
Reſnel's French Tranſlation.

BUT here he aſcends to the *univerſal Cauſe* of innumerable Worlds, he is acquainted with the *only End* to which it acts; but I do not find that he has either explained or proved this one End: He only aſſures us, in an imperious Strain, that there is nothing more neceſſary than to employ our Thoughts always about it. V. 5.

WITH a View of entering into his Thought, in order to learn the better how to *pray*, I at firſt Sight perceive, that if I look upon the Univerſe, as a Collection of Springs, ſo connected from the Beginning, and ſo exactly proportioned, that their Play can never be interrupted or diverted, the *univerſal Cauſe* has nothing to do but to contemplate the Execution of that Play which it ordained, and which inevitably continues in its Execution. In this Caſe, both Sermons and Prayers are uſeleſs. "What have I "to aſk for? All that *can* happen in the "preſent Univerſe *will* inevitably hap-"pen. Shall I confine myſelf to Thankſ-"giving? That would be Ignorance and "Pride: It is not for me that this great

"Ma-

" Machine was made; 'tis no more for " me than Animals, and other Uſes un- " known to me, that this Earth where " I ſee myſelf was placed in that Por- " tion of infinite Space where it now is. " The divine Nature was, by its own " Perfection, inevitably determin'd to do " all that it has done. I could not fail " of being what I am, and as it was im- " poſſible I ſhould be any thing more, " ſo it was impoſſible I ſhould be any " thing leſs. It implied a Contradiction, " in a neceſſary and eternal Nature, that " I ſhould be forgot." Theſe Truths, which continually preſent themſelves to Preacher and People, will amount only to telling them, Ceaſe to preach, and ceaſe to pray.

SPINOZA compoſed a Work in *Latin*, with this Title, *Theologico-Politicus*; it was tranſlated into *French*, under the Title of *Advice to thoſe good Souls that deſire to be ſaved.* I remember that I was very young when this Title tempted me to buy the Book, and I wearied myſelf with looking for what was not there.

BUT I do not quit the Deſign of freeing Mr *Pope*, as much as I can, from being

being ſuſpected of Fataliſm. I have then Recourſe (always with a View of explaining him by himſelf) to the Idea that he gives me of God, Ep. I. v. 259.

All are but Parts of one ſtupendous Whole,
Whoſe Body Nature *is, and* God *the Soul.*

HE is in the right to call this a *ſtupendous* Whole, nothing is a greater Paradox, or more incredible, if this Deſcription is to be taken literally; for as God

-------- *refreſhes in the Breeze,*
Glows in the Stars, and bloſſoms in the Trees,

it ſhould be added too, That he blaſphemes in the Prophane, cheats in the Knave, utters Horrors from the Tribunals of the Inquiſition, and does Execution upon the miſerable ſuſpected Perſons. This cannot be Mr *Pope*'s Meaning. I ſee very well what I muſt reject, but it is not ſo clear to me what muſt be retain'd. If Nature is the Body of which God is the Soul, I am then a ſmall Part of his Body, and what need have I to ſollicit him by my Prayers to take care of that which his eternal Nature has inevitably

tably determin'd him to appropriate to himſelf as his Body?

I DO not, limited Being as I am, exalt myſelf ſo highly, and I do not receive for a Principle what I do not underſtand, and what leads me into Contradictions. With regard to intelligent Beings, ſuch as Men are, it is enough for me to conceive, that God is always willing to be found of thoſe that ſeek him, to give himſelf to them, and make them happy; but will abandon thoſe, who neglect and ſlight him, to the Fate which they deſerve, and which they draw upon themſelves. The Effects of this conſtant Will are diverſified a thouſand Ways, according to the greater or leſs Care that one Part of Men take in making a good Uſe of their Liberty, and the greater or leſs Exceſs with which others abuſe it.

IN the fifth Verſe, *&c.* Mr *Pope* diſplays his Poetic Eloquence in tracing us an Idea of the *Newtonian* Syſtem, with regard to Attraction. He here finds his *Chains* again, to which I do not apprehend that intelligent Natures are ſubjected; and the *Newtonians* are very far from thinking that the Attrac-

tion

tion of a Straw by a Stick of Sealing-wax is connected with the mutual Attractions of the Planets and the Sun; they very well ſee what an Abſurdity it would be to ſuppoſe that theſe Attractions ſhould influence one another.

Verſe 27 *, He endeavours to reclaim *fooliſh Man* to Wiſdom, by teaching him to put himſelf more upon a Level with the Brutes than he does. But do not let us miſtake: Mr *Pope* has a mind to banter. Poetry is an enchanting Art that metamorphoſes Objects juſt as it pleaſes. A Poet may make an Encomium upon a Flea, or, if he pleaſes, a Tyrant; at one Time he deſcribes the Happineſs of a Country Life, or the Pleaſures of that Simplicity in which the firſt Men liv'd; at another, he ſets the Magnificence and Charms of the Town, where Luxury and Senſuality reign, in oppoſition to the Labour and ſlender Pleaſures of the rude Simplicity of the Country, let it be celebrated never ſo much. There is no Scruple in theſe Poems

* *Has God, thou Fool, work'd ſolely for thy Good?*

Poems of making uſe of Turns of Wit and Exaggerations.

All ſerves, and is ſerved; but 'tis in a very different Senſe. It never enter'd into the Head of Brutes to take Care of Men, in order to make them ſubſervient for their Uſe. Whereas Man provides for the Brutes, not for their Sakes but his own. If the Birds are the better for ſome Grains of Wheat remaining on the Surface of the Earth, and which wou'd have been of no Service there to the Crop, the Husbandman whom theſe Birds delight with their Singing, amuſe with their Flight, and feed with their Fleſh, is not diſpleaſed at it, ſince he acquires both Pleaſure and Advantage from it.

IF Men either cou'd not, or wou'd not deprive Animals of Life, they wou'd multiply in ſuch great Quantities that they wou'd ſtarve one another, and moreover rob Men of their Food. Men think then that they have a Right to haſten the Death of a Creature which, without them, wou'd infallibly die, and, perhaps, in a ſhort time. Now it does not appear that Animals have any Apprehenſion of this Accident

dent to diſturb the Quiet of their Lives, and the Pleaſures which they receive from it; whereas Men are ſollicited, and even under a Neceſſity to take Care for their Preſervation, by a natural Affection, which attaches them to Life, and by a Repugnance equally natural to any thing that may tend to ſhorten it.

THERE are Countries of a moderate Extent, where in one Year are killed thouſands of Deer and Boars, and yet the Peaſants ſuffer greatly from the Damage that they do. If theſe Animals were to multiply without being meddled with, in a few Years People wou'd be obliged to abandon the Cultivation of the Earth. The Inhabitants of the Iſle of *Chios* were formerly obliged to deſtroy all the Partridges, and whenever a Flight of theſe Birds arrived there, they fell upon them as they wou'd have done upon Pirates.

To each unthinking Being Heav'n a Friend
Gives not the uſeleſs Knowledge of its End:
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a View
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too.

He is miſtaken here. All Men do not al-

ways think juſtly, and conſequently on many important or indifferent Occaſions they contradict themſelves. This is entirely their own Fault, and not at all an Impreſſion of God. Man out of Impatience ſometimes wiſhes for Death; but, for the moſt part, were it to approach, we ſhou'd find him like the *Man in the Fable*, who had not enough conſider'd what he ſaid.

The Hour conceal'd and ſo remote the Fear, v. 80
Death ſtill draws nearer never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding Miracle! -----

There does not ſeem to me to be any Grounds for this Exclamation. The Aſſiſtance of Heaven is not at all neceſſary here. Man is a free and active Being; when he pleaſes he fixes his Thoughts upon an Object, and when he pleaſes he turns them from it: There are but very few Inſtances, in which he has not this Power. The Idea of Death makes him uneaſy, he turns his Thoughts from it, and gives them up to the Preſent, that ſtrikes and amuſes him. If he was wiſer, he wou'd not form wrong Notions to himſelf; he wou'd look upon things as they really

are.

are. Life is a Journey that the Goodneſs of God gives us to make agreeably. He ſurrounds us with his Favours, to invite us to give him Thanks, and be grateful. And indeed the Effect of our Happineſs is from time to time interrupted, in order that we ſhou'd turn our Wiſhes and Steps to a better, which we ought to eſteem our Country. A Perſon who lives thus, loves his Life, as the Gift of a God, who is now inviſible to us; and does not fear Death, which will tranſport us to the Knowledge of him.

I confeſs that the generality of Mankind behave themſelves quite otherwiſe. They avoid the Thoughts of Death by Inattention and Diverſions; they drive this Subject out of their Mind, and ſome have recourſe to Debauchery, and ſeek in Wine a Remedy againſt the troubleſome Emotions that this Idea gives them; but I do not ſee any Reaſon in all this for exclaiming,

Great ſtanding Miracle! that Heaven aſſign'd
Its only thinking Thing this Turn of Mind.

This is no *Miracle*, for how can Beings

which do *not* think, be capable of this Turn of Mind?

I am very far from envying Mr *Pope* the Honour that his Verſes have acquired him; but there is an ancient Poet, whoſe Sentiments he muſt permit to prefer to his. He begged God to give him Grace to make ſo juſt a Computation of his Days, as might make his Heart the wiſer, and his Behaviour the better.

IN the following Verſes Mr *Pope* compares the Inſtinct of Brutes with the Reaſon of Man: I will endeavour to render theſe Ideas more ſimple. Man was made capable of conducting himſelf by Reaſon. It is his Duty to make a good Uſe of this; but he is not neceſſarily compelled to it. It is a Merit in him to chuſe wiſely, and perſevere in a juſt Choice.

REASON was not given for a Guide to Brutes. That which in them ſupplies the Want of Reaſon, is called *Inſtinct*. This Inſtinct is not ſubject to deviate like Reaſon, for if it was, by what means cou'd it be reſtor'd? The Beaſts then are govern'd by conſtant Laws. Their Ideas, or the Senſations which ſupply the Place of Ideas in them, lead

ead them to but a ſmall Number of Objects, and Actions of but few kinds. They are confin'd to theſe, for they are not capable of making a different Choice, they have only theſe few Ideas and Senſations. The Cells, the Matter that compoſes them, and the Manner of getting it, are preſent to a Bee, and it cannot imploy itſelf about any other Thing. But in Man, one Idea drives out another; hence Diſtractions of Thoughts, Levity, and Interruption in acting. Reaſon may ſupply theſe Defects, and fix him to his proper Duty; 'tis his Fault if he does not make this Uſe of it, and his Merit if he does.

HOWEVER, Inſtinct is not always ſo ſure in Animals, as Mr *Pope* ſeems to inſinuate. There are ſome ſorts of Food, that are pleaſant to them, which taken in too great Quantities cauſe their Death. There is a kind of Hay very nouriſhing and good for Horſes, but deſtroys them if given too largely. Mr *De Reaumur* tells of a Butterfly, who made its laſt Meal on a little bit of Sugar, becauſe it ſucked it too greedily.

Now, in the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem, nothing

is more ſuperfluous than an Inſtinct in Beaſts join'd to the Corporeal Machine, which is compoſed in ſuch a Make, and ſo connected to all the Parts of the Univerſe, that nothing happens to it but what is inevitable, by virtue of this Conſtruction, and of its infallible Relation to all the reſt.

In ver. 154, &c. Mr *Pope* gives us a Poetical Deſcription of the Golden Age. He had a Mind to out-do all the Poets, who had ever treated this Subject; he has ſucceeded in it, and his Imagination has gone a great deal further than theirs.

Man walk'd with Beaſt joint Tenant of the Shade,
The ſame his Table, and the ſame his Bed;
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In the ſame Temple, the reſounding Wood,
All Vocal Beings hymn'd their equal God.

Poetry muſt have great Charms to make ſuch bold Fictions as theſe be read with Pleaſure. There are Perſons who take a Pride in being incredulous when they are told, that the Empire of Man, in his State of Innocence, extended to thoſe Species of Animals, which are now ſo fierce and

and untameable. And I much doubt whether Mr *Pope*'s Verſes will have the Power to influence their Belief in this Reſpect: They find too much Pleaſure in objecting.

ACCORDING to Mr *Pope*'s Suppoſition, the firſt Worſhip was without Sacrifices; yet the moſt ancient of all Hiſtories, as well as thoſe which follow'd it, teach us the contrary. God, to keep up the Memory of the Fall, and what it deſerved, in order to make way for a greater Admiration of his Mercy, a more lively Gratitude, and a more attentive Application to Obedience, thought fit that Men ſhou'd in ſlain Animals offer him a Confeſſion of what they deſerved. But when *JESUS CHRIST*, by his perfect Submiſſion to the Will of God, obtain'd a full Reconciliation for thoſe who ſhou'd adhere to him, the divine Worſhip was freed from thoſe Traces of Reproach, and Characters of Indignation.

Mr *Pope*, always careful to prevent any Thing which may degenerate into Pride, and in order to bring Man upon a Level with that which he deſpiſes as a Brute, endeavours to make him underſtand that his

his Reaſon receiv'd its firſt Inſtructions from their Inſtinct.

To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's Part, ſays he. In order to make us the more docile in receiving this Paradox, he makes Nature itſelf ſpeak in his Verſes. And what is Nature according to him? It is the Body of the Supreme Being, the Univerſal Cauſe. Man attentive to this Voice of Nature, obeys its Inſtructions, and in endeavouring to copy them as he can invents all Arts. It was, however, a long Time ſince the Building of Palaces, and the Ornaments of their Furniture, that Men have invented Glaſs Hives in order to take a more exact Survey of the Skill of Bees. It is but a little while ago that they have been inſtructed with that of Waſps, and that the *Europeans* have been acquainted with the Mechanics of Caſtors. 'Tis but very lately that they have found out the Artifice of Inſects to cloath, nouriſh, and transform themſelves.

WERE not the Caverns interſpers'd in the Mountains, and the Trees of the Foreſts, by the ſpreading of their Branches, more proper to furniſh Men with the No-

Notions of Habitations, and the Means of ſheltering themſelves, than the Holes of the Ant, or the Spider's Web? Is it not ſtrange that a little Fiſh, which few People are acquainted with, and of which many doubt the very Exiſtence, ſhou'd have taught Men the Art of conveying themſelves on the Water, known however, and practiſed by all Nations, and carried at length, by the ſublime Calculations of Reaſon, to a Degree, which we cannot help admiring, any more than the Perfection of Architecture, which ſhews the Skill of Men the Scholars to be infinitely ſuperior to that of the Beaſts their Maſters.

MR *Pope* (verſe 234) takes it for granted that Man

To Virtue in the Paths of Pleaſure trod.

I grant him this Suppoſition, there is nothing impoſſible in it, and even *now* we may, and ought to do the ſame, after we have purified the Expreſſion of *Pleaſure.*

WHEN he adds

Love all the Faith, and all th' Allegiance then,

I do not think that he expreſſes himſelf accurately enough, and, perhaps, a too ſcru-

* Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail. *verſe* 179.

ſcrupulous Exactneſs wou'd have render'd his Poetry languid: But he will not be diſpleaſed if my Proſe explains his Senſe. This is a Right that Commentators have always allowed themſelves in upon Poets. *Faith* is an Aſſent to certain Inſtructions: Thus the Knowledge of Duties is previous to the Aſſent that diſpoſes us to ſubmit to them. The Duties are extremely amiable, as well as he who preſcribes them; the Knowledge of theſe then produces Love, and Love, Obedience.

For Nature knew no Right divine in Men.

I know not what this means. Is having a Right upon Man repugnant to the Nature of God, to the univerſal Nature of the Almighty, or the particular Nature of Man?

No Ill cou'd fear in God------

Who? It muſt be Nature. This ſhou'd ſignify that Man cou'd not naturally fear any Ill from God. I agree to this, if he behaves *well*, but if *ill*, I conceive that he wou'd have all the Reaſon in the World to fear.

------- *And underſtood*
A Sovereign Being but a Sovereign Good.

Who

Who is this that underſtood thus? It is not the univerſal Nature, the Machine of the World; it is then the particular Nature of Man, and this ſhou'd ſignify, that it is againſt the Nature of Man to believe it is poſſible for a ſovereign Being not to be ſovereignly good.

THESE Words need an Explication. Not one of the Divine Perfections is bounded, we ſhould not ſuffer ourſelves to attribute any thing, whoſe Degree is finite, to the Divine Eſſence. Infinite Power, infinite Knowledge, infinite Juſtice, or Love of Order, infinite Mercy; the Idea of one of theſe Perfections is not the Idea of another, but they all perfectly agree in God.

HE is infinitely good to have created Man, ſince neither he, nor any other Creature, can increaſe the Happineſs of God, who is eſſentially ſelf-ſufficient: He is infinitely good, in having created Men capable of loving and obeying him, by Choice. He is infinitely good, in being willing to enter into Treaty with Men, and in being pleaſed to be loved and obeyed. Infinitely good in being willing greatly

greatly to reward an Obedience ſo juſtly due, and to reward it in a Manner which, inſtead of being ſimply proportion'd to the Nature of Man, is proportion'd to the Greatneſs of God his Maſter. He is infinitely good, in being willing to reward the Gift which Man makes him of his Heart, by the Gift of himſelf: Infinitely good, in making Allowances for our Weakneſs and Imperfections, in what he requires from us: Infinitely merciful, in being willing to pardon our Errors, when we ſincerely return to him: Infinitely merciful, in being willing to aſſiſt us in the Accompliſhment of this Return. God is infinitely good to us, in not having created Mankind with a Permiſſion to behave as they ſhould think proper, to be Lyars, Cheats, Robbers, Aſſaſſins, Perjur'd, Blaſphemers, Traitors, Poiſoners, Murderers, *&c.* without being under any Apprehenſion of giving an Account to their great Maſter, or dreading any Ill that might be inflicted on them by him. Thoſe Men who would take the Side of Virtue, muſt ſuffer too much from theſe Diſorders, ſince an Aſſurance of Impunity would

would leave no Bounds to Licentiouſneſs. Goodneſs then is no leſs oppoſite to this exceſſive Indulgence, than the Love of Order and Regularity, ſo worthy of God, is. The more God is a ſovereign Maſter, the more fit is it that his Laws ſhould not be violated with a total Impunity.

INDEED if our Bodies are nothing but Machines whoſe Springs follow the Movements of exterior Agents, as we ſee upon the Theatre, and if the Thinking Subſtances that accompany them are inevitably determin'd to all the Sentiments and Volitions that ariſe in them, their Puniſhment would be no leſs contrary to Juſtice than Goodneſs. But this is an Argument that overthrows this ridiculous Syſtem which affirms that God, from the Beginning of the World, is not, and to all Eternity ſhall not be, any thing but a Spectator of corporeal and intelligent Machines, and of the Illuſions of theſe Machines, in proportion as they ſhall feel themſelves active.

THE infinite and infinitely adorable Art of the great Artificer would terminate in giving theſe Illuſions the Appearances of

Truth, from one Degree to another more deceitful.

A Muſic-Maſter is called to teach a young Man to ſing: The Machine of this Maſter raiſes Motions in the Air that ſtrike the Ears of his Scholar, and theſe Impreſſions ſet thoſe Springs a playing, from which ariſe the Impreſſions upon the Air. The Machines of the Maſter and Scholar do not at all perceive any of theſe Motions, they have no ſort of Idea or Senſation of them: The Thinking Subſtance of the Scholar is unattentive, the Ear of the Maſter is not ſtruck as it ought to be, and theſe Impreſſions, of which it has no Idea, wind its Springs up to a Strain of Chiding: This Rebuke is not perceived by the corporeal Machine of the Scholar: The Idea of being chid, which ariſes in the Soul of the Scholar (without being at all the Effect of this Impreſſion) determines him to a Willingneſs of Attention; this Attention does not act on the corporeal Machine, but, at the proper Time, the Springs of this corporeal Machine are wound up to make a Vibration upon the Air different from what they

they at firſt did; and Senſations of more agreeable Sounds ariſe in the Soul of the Maſter, which are not at all the Effects of theſe Variations; the Inattention is follow'd by diſcordant Sounds; the Return of Thought is follow'd by harmonious ones. Did Common Senſe ever give more expreſs Signs of *true Cauſes, and real Effects?* Upon what other Principle do the Naturaliſts build? That theſe two Machines are like two Clocks, always in Harmony, becauſe they are made by the ſame Maſter; but that the Motions of the one have no ſort of Influence upon the Motions of the other. What Infatuation is this in the Author! What Servitude in one Part of his Diſciples, and what Madneſs in the other, to adopt every Thing that tends to deliver them from the Yoke of Rules, and the Fear of violating them.

MR *Pope* enlarges very little upon the Birth of Religion: According to him, it at firſt conſiſted in a Worſhip which Men, in common with the Brutes, paid to God. He is ſilent upon the happy Progreſs that it made; for in every thing elſe Animals

did not go beyond their firſt Inſtinct, while Men have carried ſo far all that an Obſervation upon the Inſtinct of Animals furniſh'd their Minds with an Idea of.

HE thinks fit to be more copious upon the Birth and Progreſs of Superſtition. (Verſe 242) With this Tyranny aroſe, with this fortified itſelf.

She, midſt the Lightning's Blaze, and Thunder's Sound,
When rock'd the Mountain, and when groan'd the Ground,
She taught the Weak to bend, the Proud to pray,
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they.

I ALLOW that Men may abuſe every thing, and that the Miniſters of the Altar have been but too fond of Dominion. But 'tis poſſible to abuſe thoſe Truths which ought to have a right Uſe made of them; and ſince the Earth is peopled by ſinful Men, it was agreeable to the Wiſdom, and even the Goodneſs of God, to warn them from time to time by terrible Events, that they had a Maſter to

fear;

fear, if they refuſed to *love* and obey him.

MR *Pope*, in the reſt of this Epiſtle, goes on to the Eſtabliſhment of Societies and Laws. 'Tis a long time ſince People have continued to find Fault, ſometimes with the Imperfection of Laws, and ſometimes with their Severity, and ſtill oftner with the Conduct of thoſe who are truſted with the Execution of them.

IF a Father, inhabiting an Iſland ſeparated from all Communication, ſhould ſee his Deſcendants multiply, till they became a great People in this Iſland, which we will ſuppoſe to be pretty extenſive and fertile, I conceive that it would be eaſy for him to make them accept ſuch Laws as would lay their Poſterity under an Obligation of living as Brothers: But when the Point is to reduce a great Number of indocile and ſavage Men under the Government of Laws, the more Wiſdom and Zeal their Legiſlator might have, the leſs ought he to require of them, for fear of being entirely rejected. He might expreſs himſelf happily enough to make

them underſtand that it is for their mutual Intereſt to unite, and ſubmit themſelves to Laws. Every one of them would be ſenſibly affected with regard to his own Intereſt, but if they ſhou'd be requir'd to ſacrifice this to the Intereſt of the Publick, they would not comply with it. Hence Men of ſuperior Underſtandings have ſeen the Neceſſity of allowing a good deal to *particular* Intereſts. Hence it is that there are ſome very great, amiable, and venerable Degrees of Virtue, which Laws are quite ſilent upon: The Rudeneſs of the Common People would have made them think theſe Laws too burthenſome.

IF I ſhould grant Mr *Pope* that the *beſt adminiſter'd Government*, (v. 306) be it of what Nature it will, *is* always the *beſt*, and from thence ſhould ſuffer him to conclude, that an Authority entirely deſpotic, in the Hands of a King who loved his People as his Children, would make them happier than they would be under a Government in which the ſovereign Power would be more moderate and divided, if thoſe who partook of it abuſed their Authority:

thority: Tho', I ſay, all this ſhould be granted, this however muſt be agreed, that the *beſt* Government is ſuch a one in which thoſe who have the Command of others have it the ſhorter Time in their Power to abuſe their Authority.

For Modes of Faith let graceleſs Zealots fight,
His can't be wrong, whoſe Life is in the right;
All muſt be falſe that thwart this one great End,
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind, or mend.

THE Point is not to know, under which of two Governments, the one adminiſter'd well, and the other ill, the People would be the beſt; for this has never been diſputed. But the Queſtion is, Whether that Government, of the two, ought not to be preferr'd, in which thoſe who have the leading Hands can the leaſt abuſe their Authority, and in which it is the moſt eaſy to bring them back to their Duty, whenever they deviate from it.

So, with regard to Religion, it will be aſk'd, Whether we do not make ourſelves culpable, when we refuſe to ſupport and perfect the Light of Reaſon, by that of a Revelation, whenever they we honour'd

nour'd with one, and can aſſure themſelves, by good Proofs, of its Truth.

ANOTHER Queſtion, of the utmoſt Importance to be well decided, is, To know which of two Syſtems muſt have the greateſt Influence upon the Reformation of Manners, the Advantage of Society, and by that means the moſt worthy of the Wiſdom and Goodneſs of God. In one we believe and lay down as a Principle, without any Ambiguity, That Men are really endow'd with Liberty, capable of Choice, and by that means in a Condition of obtaining Rewards of their Equity, or worthy of being puniſh'd, when they make a wrong Choice, and eſpecially when they perſiſt in it.

THOSE who maintain the contrary Syſtem, ſuppoſe every thing that happens, whether it be an Action of Virtue or Vice, comes to paſs by the Effect of that Conſtruction which a firſt and univerſal Cauſe gave to all the Parts of the Univerſe; in which all is connected, all link'd, all the Conſequence of a firſt Impulſe impreſſed; without our having the Power either to ſtop, ſuſpend, or in any manner

ner regulate ſo much as one of theſe Conſequences, which are all inevitably executed.

THE Word * *Conteſt* is a diſagreeable Expreſſion; with the *Latins* it was ſometimes ſynonymous with that of *Conference.* We may with Advantage *confer* upon Matters of Religion; and it would be too great a Preſumption to refuſe theſe peaceable Conferences. That which a pre-poſſeſs'd Perſon delivers as a Doctrine may be true, tho' ſuperfluous, and then we muſt confine ourſelves to remonſtrate, that it does not belong to Men to impoſe the Belief of a Thing upon others, as neceſſary to Salvation, which in reality is not ſo.

THE Obſervance of Precepts that ſanctify us, and tend to renew the Image of God in us, contribute without diſpute, and by that very means, to the Happineſs of Mankind; but there are Doctrines too, which, tho' they do not immediately tend to this, it would be very wrong to neglect,

* *For Forms of Government let Fools* conteſt,
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd, is beſt. v. 306.

neglect, becauſe they are very true and venerable, and of great Aſſiſtance to lead us to Obedience; and of this Sort are the Proofs and Supports that Revelation gives to our Faith and Hopes.

I HAVE here another Proof that Mr *Pope* was not a *Leibnitzian*. For whatever diſpoſes us at the Sight of the moſt vicious, as well as the moſt virtuous Events, to ſay *That* is, *therefore it is* right: Whatever tends to perſuade us that it is ridiculous to reproach ourſelves, and find fault with the Behaviour of others; every Notion, I ſay, of this Sort is evidently contrary to the Reformation of Manners, and conſequently falſe.

OF what Service would this uſeful Poet, *this Follower of God*, who ſkilfully brings Men under the Government of Laws that would make Society happy, be in the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem? None. He would have the Appearance of teaching, and being obey'd; but his Diſcourſes, the Reſults of the Springs of his Machine, would appear to make Impreſſions upon the Souls of his Auditors, of which they were in no

Degree

Degree the Cauſe. The Minds that would accompany the Bodies of theſe Machines in a Poſture of Attention, would find themſelves filled with the ſame Ideas, by the Impreſſions of an innumerable Series of Cauſes, which would have acted at the proper Time, to execute this Appearance of Inſtruction and Aſſent.

REFLECTIONS
ON THE
FOURTH EPISTLE
OF
Mr *POPE*'s ESSAY on MAN.

THE Poet begins with making the Soul of Man ſigh for **Happineſs*; he afterwards, in Expreſſions no leſs pompous and figurative, repreſents his Inquietudes to find *it*; Inquietudes which are the Effect of his Ignorance.

EVERY one feels what the Expreſſions of *Happineſs* and *Content* mean, and no one needs to have it explain'd to him what his Deſires are when he wiſhes for Happineſs in general. But in order to become happy 'tis not ſufficient to ſay *I deſire to be ſo.* The Creator has not put the Condition of Men ſo immediately

* *O Happineſs! our Being's End and Aim!* v. 1.

ately in their own Power. It is neceſſary for them to lay hold on Objects capable of giving them Content, it is neceſſary that they ſhould be acquainted with theſe Objects, and ſhou'd know by what way they may be approached, and finally attain'd.

BUT who will teach us this Way?

Ask of the Learn'd, ---- The Learn'd are blind.
Ver. 33.

The Expreſſion is ſtrong; but 'tis Poetical, for why ſhou'd they be blinder than others? We might borrow Mr *Pope*'s Language, and ſay to an ignorant Perſon, 'Preſumptuous *Man*, dareſt thou flatter thy 'ſelf, that thou knoweſt more of it than 'thoſe who have ſpent their Life in Stu-'dy?

BUT the *Learned* do not agree: Be it ſo. However it is but Equity to hear before we condemn them. Perhaps we may diſcover which of them thinks the righteſt, and what they do agree in may be of uſe. It is very probable that Mr *Pope* deriv'd the pompous Diſcourſe, which he afterwards makes upon the Advantages of Vir-

tue, from the Doctrines of the Stoics. But is it not the ſhorteſt as well as ſureſt Way to

Take Nature's Road, and mad Opinion's leave?

This is not altogether ſo eaſy as Mr *Pope* inſinuates. Several Maſters are repreſented under the Name of *Nature:* The firſt of theſe is the *Senſes.* Children are acquainted with the Voice of theſe alone, and the greateſt part of thoſe, who are born in a high Station, think of no other Way to derive their Happineſs from, but from thence. Shall we reſtrain this Name to the clear Ideas of the Underſtanding? But the Senſes neither ſhou'd, nor can be, totally abandon'd, and as for theſe clear Ideas, we muſt be able to ſurmount a vaſt Number of Prejudices, in order to produce them, to diſtinguiſh them from others, and to follow them.

There needs but thinking right, and meaning well.
verſe 30.

Every one flatters himſelf with theſe, but the Number of thoſe who are deceiv'd in this Matter is very great.

Equal is Common Senſe *and* Common Eaſe.

This

This is very ſoon ſaid, but 'tis a difficult Thing to prove it. If it is thus, here is Happineſs found.

Each has his Share, and who would more obtain
Shall find the Pleaſure pays not half the Pain. V. 45.

Let every Reader then ſtop at the Point where he already is, it will be of no uſe to him to go farther, it wou'd be loſt Labour, and he may very well diſpenſe with going on.

Mr. *Pope*, in order to bring his Reader to this Concluſion, ſends him back to the *Univerſal Cauſe*; there are but few People that will follow him ſo high. A few Lines afterwards, every one, according to Mr *Pope*, has need of the Aſſiſtance of others to make him happy.

Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All Pleaſures ſicken, and all Glories ſink. V. 43.

'Tis not then in ourſelves, that we are to look for Happineſs, but we are reduced to beg it from others.

Remember, Man! " *the univerſal Cauſe*
" *Acts not by partial, but by general Laws.* V. 32.

From hence he draws a Concluſion, which

is a mere ſophiſtical Equivocation. Inſtead of reading you, on this Occaſion, a whole Lecture in *Phyſics*, two Examples will be ſufficient to give you a juſt Notion of what are called the *General Laws of Nature.*

A PIECE of Land well cultivated and managed, is the properer to make the Seed which is put into it ſpring up and multiply. A Husbandman is covetous even to Diſhoneſty; he is of an ill-natur'd Diſpoſition, but of an indefatigable Conſtitution, he ſpares neither himſelf nor his Children. He has a Neighbour, who is a good-natur'd, friendly, and very honeſt Man: But he is of a weak Conſtitution, and beſides an indulgent Father, and afraid of fatiguing his Family too much. The firſt always reaps a very plentiful Harveſt, the ſecond only a moderate one. This is a Conſequence of the general Law. God does not, by a particular Affection, make the Seed ſpring up and grow in proportion to the Probity of the Perſon who ſowed it.

A COUNTRY Woman of but little Underſtanding, and apt to be careleſs, inſtead

ſtead of putting her Candle in a Lanthorn, ſets it heedleſsly upon a Heap of Straw, which gets on Fire and burns the Houſe down. It is a general Law of Nature, that Motion ſhou'd communicate itſelf, and that a Spark of Fire fallen on combuſtible Matter ſhou'd kindle it, and that the Fire, when it is once kindled, ſhou'd ſpread in a rapid Manner. God does not repeal this Law, in order to prevent the Effects of every imprudent Action. But if from hence Mr *Pope* pretends to draw this Concluſion: The univerſal Cauſe acts by general Laws, therefore it diſtributes Happineſs to all in general.

Each has his Share, and who wou'd more obtain,
Shall find the Pleaſure pays not half the Pain;

I ſay, if this Concluſion be drawn, he plainly falls into a *Sophiſtical Equivocation*, he changes the Ideas before affixed to the Expreſſion, *General Laws.* The Signification of this Expreſſion does not extend ſo far. To act by General Laws is not to produce equal Effects: The Examples, I have juſt cited, prove the contrary. When our Hypotheſes go too far, they

muſt be ſet right by Matters of Fact, and without this we may juſtly be accuſed of Obſtinacy and Infatuation.

Mr *Pope* (*Epiſt.* I. Verſe 134) had propoſed this Objection,

But errs not Nature from this gracious End,
From burning Suns when livid Deaths deſcend?
&c.

* *

No ('tis reply'd) the firſt almighty Cauſe
Acts not by partial, but by general Laws.

THE very ſame Maxim that he commands us, in an imperiousStrain, to receive (*Ep.* IV. V. 32.) is the Voice of Pride in this Place. When an Author does not clearly explain his own Meaning, a Reader does not think himſelf obliged to take the trouble of finding it out. Can Mr *Pope* have fallen into that Fault, which the celebrated *Moliere* has turn'd into ridicule? And can he think that 'tis impoſſible for any to have good Senſe and Judgment but the Perſons of his Society, and thoſe who favour his Hypotheſes? If he makes an Objection, muſt it be unanſwerable?

But

But Fortunes Gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt? V. 61.

And why ſo? Every one would have what was neceſſary, and more? Why then ſhou'd he diſorder his own Quiet, in order to diſturb that of others? An Equality of Poſſeſſions cauſed no Diſturbance among the *Lacedemonians*. The Uſe of Diviſions, and that Inequality which is the Conſequence of them, is eſtabliſhed upo nother Principles.

If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content. Ver. 63.

THE Principle proves only that External Bleſſings are not the only Happineſs, and that the Degree of Happineſs is not neceſſarily proportioned to the Degree of theſe, and that thus we may ſupply the Defect of them by other Means. Mr *Pope*'s Eloquence often perplexes his Senſe, and 'tis difficult for us to be certain whether we exactly hit it.

Fortune her Gifts may variouſly diſpoſe. Ver. 65.

WHAT does he mean by the Word *Fortune?* Is it the firſt Univerſal Cauſe, and which

which he often ſeems to lay down as the *only* Cauſe? Or is it ſome particular Cauſe, that diverts the Impreſſions of the univerſal one? This is one of thoſe Places which 'tis not eaſy to reconcile.

But Heav'n's juſt Balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear.
Ver. 67.

But I am of Opinion, that theſe two Means are very far from reducing Things to an Equality, and they who will take the Pains to conſider what paſſes in the World, will find this Antitheſis carried too far.

THERE are rich Men, who are eaſy by an Effect of their Conſtitution; there are yet more who live without Fear, from the Opinion they have of their own Capacity. On the other hand, we ſee Perſons of a fearful Temper, who dare not flatter themſelves that it is poſſible for them to better their Condition, which is even below a moderate one; and if they by Care and Pains ſhou'd come to double what they poſſeſſed at firſt, yet how far inferior would they be to that Son of Fortune, who can ſpend four times as much as thoſe poor Peo-

People can get, without giving himſelf the leaſt trouble about it, ſince what he has yet remaining ſo far exceeds what he has ſquander'd away. The Queſtion about the Equality of Happineſs cannot be decided by the different Senſations of different Perſons. *You ſeem to me to eat with a good Appetite; pray explain to me the Quickneſs of that Senſation it gives you.* He cannot make me underſtand it, any more than I on my Part can give him an exact Idea of the Quickneſs of mine. The Queſtion then can be decided only by Conjecture, and certainly Conjectures will not favour this Suppoſition of Equality; what we hear and ſee every Day is too contrary to it.

A CERTAIN Father, poſſeſs'd of great Riches, and very covetous, marries his Son, who is young, and a little prejudic'd himſelf in favour of Wealth, to a rich Heireſs, who is proud, whimſical, contradicting, a Coquet, *&c.* At the ſame Time another Father, who is a wiſe Man, marries a well-educated Son to the Heireſs of a moderate Eſtate, but endued with a well-form'd Underſtanding, a com-

complaiſant Temper, a good Conſtitution, and ſtedfaſt Virtue. Shall we ſay that Heaven, which

----- *Breaths thro' every Member of the Whole*
One common Bleſſing, as one common Soul,

has ſhed too a common Bleſſing on theſe two Marriages? and that, by an Effect of this Bleſſing, the one is as peaceful as the other?

I confeſs, Sir, that Happineſs muſt be eſtabliſh'd and divided amongſt Men upon this Footing, if it be ſuppoſed that every thing that befalls them, either externally or internally, is a Reſult of the Conſtruction of the whole Univerſe, and of a firſt Impulſe impreſſed on all its Parts by the univerſal Cauſe, whoſe Plans are all executed in an inevitable Manner.

IN conſequence of this Suppoſition, it muſt be ſaid that every thing is paſſive in Reality, and active only in Appearance. From whence it plainly follows, that no one Man has more Merit than another, as, in like manner, no one is more culpable than another: Their Equality being ſuch, it would not be fit that their Happineſs

pineſs ſhould be unequal. But Fact and Truth, which are contrary to this Conſequence, ſhould for that Reaſon make the Principle be abandon'd from whence this Conſequence flows.

IF this Principle, and this Conſequence, be admitted, a very rich Man will behave himſelf conſequently to the ſublime Notions with which he is enlighten'd, when he ſays to a poor Man, who begs Relief from him, *What is it you want? Son of Earth, inſatiable Man, Learn that thou art not leſs happy than I.*

I HAVE only a few more Remarks, Sir, to communicate to you upon the Remainder of this Work, which you have engag'd me in the Study of: And ſince we are upon the Subject of Happineſs, I will briefly repeat to you what I believe I have formerly entertain'd you with.

THE firſt Error that Men fall into, with regard to Happineſs, conſiſts in their flattering themſelves they may attain a perfect one in this Life, or at leaſt expecting a more perfect one than is conſiſtent with our Abode upon Earth. From hence ariſe their Impatience and Complaints, when,

not-

notwithſtanding all their Care, they find themſelves ſtill very far from that End to which they aſpir'd. 'Tis this Scheme of Happineſs that has deceiv'd the Philoſophers, Experience never anſwering what they promis'd us with ſo much Confidence.

MAN is a Being capable of Knowledge, Action, and Sentiment. The Juſtneſs of his Ideas, without doubt, contributes to his Happineſs. Born for Truth, he finds the Knowledge of it delightful in itſelf, but the Happineſs which it procures him is imperfect as well as its Cauſe: This Happineſs is capable of being increaſed, and merits our Thankſgivings: Its being bounded ought not to make Men impatient, and loſe Courage, ſince they are Travellers, and expect to be fully enlightned when they ſhall have reach'd their Country.

To be fond of living conformably to right Notions, or, in other words, to be pleaſed with doing our Duty, ought to give, and in reality does gives us a ſtill greater Satisfaction: This Satisfaction too increaſes by Degrees, juſt as our Virtue does

does: This Increaſe gives us Repoſe, without making us quit our Endeavours, and every Advance excites us to make ſtill new ones.

BUT however extenſive, lively, and firm our Knowledge and Virtues may be, they do not exempt us from being ſenſible not only of Pain, but mere Uneaſineſſes, and divers Accidents. It is in vain that Philoſophers, out of a Zeal for Truth and Virtue, have diſplay'd all their Art and Eloquence to perſuade us that nothing but Error and Vice deſerve the Name of Evil. In Matters of Reaſoning, it is not allow'd to deny Facts, in order to ſupport an Hypotheſis, which ought, on the contrary, to ſerve for an Explanation of them. It is my Duty to have a ſincere Love for Mankind, and to have the ſame Concern for them as for myſelf: How is it poſſible then for me to ſee them ſuffer, and content myſelf with telling them, that this is nothing? How can I ſee thoſe to whom I am engaged by a tender Friendſhip ſnatched away from me by Death, and content myſelf with ſaying, upon ſuch a Loſs, I do not ſuffer at

all by this, ſince it does not make me the worſe Man. In a word, ſince Vice is really an Evil, how is it poſſible to ſee Men guilty of it, without being concerned?

VIRTUE ſhines in its utmoſt Splendor, and ſhews itſelf to be real and well grounded, when it gives us the Strength to renounce certain Pleaſures, and ſupport certain Afflictions, rather than to deviate from our Duty in acquiring theſe Pleaſures, and ſecuring ourſelves from theſe Afflictions by wrong Compliances. But of what Value would all theſe Sacrifices be, if what we renounce, or what we reſolve to bear, did not deſerve the Name either of Good or Ill, and contributed nothing to make us either happy or miſerable?

MR *Pope* does not forſake theſe Notions, when he makes, *Verſe* 77,

Reaſon's whole Pleaſures, all the Joys of Senſe,
Lie in three Words, Health, Peace, *and* Competence.

He adds,

But

But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone,
And Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thy own.

As to what are called the Gifts of Fortune,

The Good or Bad the Gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.

EXPERIENCE teaches, that Health is, at leaſt, as often the Effect of a good Conſtitution, as of an exact Moderation in Eating and Drinking. So that this Motive ought not to be the only one that determines us to Temperance.

THAT inward Peace which is the Fruit of Virtue, is of a quite different Nature from the Security and Indolence of a Man, who looks upon all Events with the ſame Eye, who ſets himſelf above the Cenſures of the World, who will always be pleas'd with himſelf, and does not care upon what Grounds it be: Throughly reſolv'd not to fatigue himſelf by making any Efforts, but tranquilly give himſelf up to his Fate, without diſturbing himſelf with Examinations of his Conduct, or diſquieting himſelf with Reproaches: Who gives this Security the Name of Faith, and the glori-

ous Encomium of *Univerſal Charity* to the Whim of calling every Thing, that he does or does not ſee, *right*.

HERE is another Method of freeing Mr *Pope* from the Suſpicion of *Fataliſm*. He acknowledges that there are wicked Men, and that their Wickedneſs is puniſhed by a Diminution of Pleaſure.

WHEN he adds, *Verſe* 95,

But Fools the Good alone unhappy call,
For Ills or Accidents that chance to All;

theſe Expreſſions muſt be underſtood with ſome Reſtrictions: A good Man does not become abſolutely unhappy by Adverſity, he has ſome Hopes of Happineſs ſtill left, and tho' afflicted, yet ſupports himſelf with Conſtancy.

WHEN we read, *Verſe*, 97, *&c.*

See FALKLAND *dies, the Virtuous and the Juſt!*
See godlike TURENNE *proſtrate on the Duſt!*
See SIDNEY *bleeds amid the martial Strife!*
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?

this Antitheſis is ſubtile, but not ſatisfactory, for there are certain Caſes where Duty bids us expoſe our Lives for the Sake

Sake of our Country, and its lawful Governors.

I AM at a Loſs to ſatisfy myſelf upon the Senſe that ought to be given to the ſeveral Periods, which follow. *Verſe* 107, *&c.*

What makes all Phyſical or Moral Ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.

Phyſical and Moral Ill: Here he ſeems to enter again into the ordinary Stile. *Here wanders Will:* This too is another Thing that confirms this Syſtem, and when Mr *Pope* ſpeaks of the Deviations of Nature, he ſeems more clearly to abandon the Syſtem of Fatality; for in this Syſtem, where every thing inevitably follows the firſt Impulſe, there can be no Deviation. *God ſends not Ill:* Verſe 3. This is directly contrary to the Syſtem in which all the Ill, as well as the Good, ariſes from the Univerſal Cauſe.

I DO not agree with him though that God ſends no Ill, nor ever puniſhes Diſobedience, if it were but to correct it.

---------- *'Tis Nature lets it fall,*
Or Change admits; and Man improves it all.

I do not underſtand this. Does Nature let it fall? Does Change admit it, without being directed by any Providence? *Verſe* 115,

We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous Abel *was deſtroy'd by* Cain,
As that the virtuous Son is ill at eaſe,
When his lewd Father gave the dire Diſeaſe.

Mr *Pope* does not ſeem to put Diſtinction enough between two Caſes which are extremely oppoſite. The Ills of the virtuous Son are not at all voluntary, with regard to him, neither was it by Deſign that his Father injur'd him: But what *Cain* did was a voluntary Action. However, Man is very far from having a Right to complain of Heaven for this, and demand a Reaſon of it. God thought fit to make Men free Creatures, and the ill Uſe which they make of their Liberty is no Reaſon to him to revoke it; for if he deprived them of it the Moment that he foreſaw they might abuſe it, this would be the ſame Thing as if he had not given it to them at all: And the firſt Steps towards abuſing it would themſelves

ſelves be an Abuſe, as I have explain'd it elſewhere. Now, Man has no ſort of Right to complain of what God has thought fit; this would be attacking his ſovereign Liberty; he is not the Author of Moral Ill, it is Blaſphemy to lay this to his Charge; but in Caſes where this Ill happens, thoſe who ſuffer by it are called to the Duty of Reſignation. It is not fit that God ſhould revoke what he has eſtabliſh'd, whenever one Man might ſuffer from it. I ſee a great Talker and an impertinent Fellow coming towards me, I am certain that he will be troubleſom; ought I to deſire that God, for my Sake, ſhould deſtroy for ever, or at leaſt for this Time, the Liberty of this Babler? And Mr *Pope* was in the right to ſay, *Verſe* 119,

Think we like ſome weak Prince th' Eternal Cauſe,
Prone for his Fav'rites to reverſe his Laws?

THIS Period, however, muſt not be abſolutely taken. The Duty of Prayer, which God allows us, and which he is ſo gracious as even to order us, proves that there are Caſes in which he is willing to

to act by particular Inclinations, but it is always neceſſary to pray to him with Sentiments of Reſignation.

MR *Pope*, Verſe 129, ſeems to me to advance great Paradoxes. Let us ſuppoſe, ſays he,

A Kingdom of the Juſt. ------
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree;

I boldly anſwer, Very well, for that very Reaſon that they are juſt. *But*, adds Mr *Pope*, Verſe 132,

----- *Who but God can tell us who they are?*

This is leaving the Queſtion propoſed, and making one quite different. He ſuppoſes a Kingdom of the Juſt; God then knows them to be ſuch, becauſe they are ſo. If you aſk me, But do they themſelves certainly know that they all are ſo? The Anſwer is very eaſy, becauſe for that very Reaſon that they are juſt, one does not ſuſpect another not to be ſo, and acts, for his own part, as a juſt Man.

But, continues Mr *Pope*, v. 135,

One thinks on Calvin *Heav'n's own Spirit fell,*
Another deems him Inſtrument of Hell.

We

We are ſtill very far from the Suppoſition he has ſo haſtily quitted; he made us hope that he would give us the Picture of a Kingdom of the Juſt; he could eaſily do it, for he knows how to paint whatever he pleaſes: But, inſtead of this, he tranſports us to a Kingdom of Parties, Intolerants, and Inquiſitors.

Nor with one Syſtem can they all be bleſs'd,

ſays he, (Verſe 140.) And why not? if they would all be reaſonable. *If, on the other ſide, every one had his own, it would be all Diſpute.* I own it, in caſe that the Society, where different Syſtems ariſe, be filled with factious, paſſionate and uncharitable Men, who cannot, becauſe they *will* not, converſe peaceably, or ſuffer any Sort of Contradiction.

The very beſt [Syſtem] *will variouſly incline,*
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
Whatever IS, is RIGHT. ------ Verſe 143.

Here I do not underſtand Mr *Pope*, and he again eſcapes me when I thought I had reach'd his Meaning; he ſeems to return to his Syſtem, or at leaſt to that which

which he is accuſed of. Though the Titles of the firſt, third and fourth Epiſtles are different, the Syſtem returns, and ſeems to make the principal Part of them. This, from time to time, gives me Difficulty, but, in the end, will furniſh me with Means to juſtify him. Ver. 147.

'*But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed.*'
What then? is the Reward of Virtue, Bread?

This too is not anſwering the Difficulty, nor removing the Cauſe of Aſtoniſhment; 'tis rather anſwering like a Stoic, whoſe Errors Mr *Pope* had before condemn'd, in theſe Expreſſions, *Ep.* II. v. 91.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt.

Has Mr *Pope* alter'd this Opinion? And does he pretend, with rhe Stoic, that Virtue is ſelf-ſufficient, that it is even its own Reward, and that the Virtuous are happy when ſtarving?

THE Solution of this Difficulty is not eaſy: In the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem, where God is repreſented as the Author of every Thing, as well of the good Man's Virtue, who languiſhes in Want, as of the rich

rich Man's Inhumanity, who exults in Abundance. In order to maintain the Syſtem, ſhall we ſay, that as the univerſal Cauſe,

Who ſees with equal Eye, -------
A Hero periſh, or a Sparrow fall, Ep. I. v. 83.

ſees too, with the ſame Eye, the Pride and Inflexibility of one who lives in Affluence, and the Virtue of the other who dies in Want and Miſery?

'TIS evading the Queſtion to ſay, (V. 149.) *That Bread is the Price of Toil*, for Toil too is the Effect of Virtue, which condemns Lazineſs.

LET us ſay then, that often a Man has certain Virtues, and diſtinguiſhes himſelf by them; but he has not all, he wants Humility, he cannot perſuade himſelf to deſcend from a Condition that feeds his Vanity. A virtuous Man, on the contrary, whenever his Circumſtances require it, will bring himſelf to work with his Hands, or teach. He will put himſelf into the Service of a Man who will pay him for his Trouble.

To whatever Condition he is reduced and called by Providence, he is certain that

that he always is approv'd and lov'd by it, when he fills his Poſt, and far from being diſcourag'd, performs the Duties of it with Joy.

MR *Pope* at firſt made us hope that his Poem was deſign'd as a Vindication of the Ways of God (*Ep.* I. *v.* 16*.) But he does not give us all he promis'd. This, however, would not have been difficult in the Syſtem contrary to that which he ſeems, to me, to have artfully expoſed the Folly of.

THE Fall of Man is not an Effect produced by God, with a Deſign to draw from it what we now ſee in the World. We muſt lay the Cauſe of it entirely upon Man, who might have perſevered in his Innocence; and upon that *proud* Spirit and Enemy of God, (of which Mr *Pope* ſpeaks, *Ep.* I. *v.* 119, &c.) which ſeduced him.

HAPPY Spirits have, from thence, ſeen an Order of Creatures ariſe, who ſerve God in Ignorance and Weakneſs, and in the Midſt of diverſe Calamities. In this Condition, however, they ſtill ſeek

* *But vindicate the Ways of* God *to Man.*

ſeek after God, and are happy when they find him, tho' it be but in the dark. Sundry melancholy Events prove that God has Reaſon to be offended with Mankind; but, on the other hand, a conſtant Succeſſion of Bleſſings aſſures us that he will be merciful.

IF Virtue were inceſſantly rewarded, and Vice always puniſh'd with the ſame Exactneſs, the Obſervance of our Duty would ſpring from a Motive merely natural, and the Intereſt of the Senſes would be ſufficient to eſtabliſh us in it.

WHATEVER Good is in us, we receive only from God. The natural Conſequence of this Principle is, that we ought to devote ourſelves entirely to our Creator, and ſo to live, to think, to act, only in order to pleaſe and obey him. This Devotion is in itſelf very delightful; for what is there more glorious and raviſhing, than the Aſſurance that an Almighty Goodneſs is willing to be pleaſed with the Gift which we make him of ourſelves, and gives us the Power of making this Gift, in order to pleaſe itſelf in rewarding it?

IT is from Adverſity, and thoſe Events that give Pain to our natural Senſe, that the Value of this Devotion ariſes; when Men, notwithſtanding their Imperfection, glorify their Creator in a Manner that forms the Admiration of perfect Intelligences.

THE Miſeries of Hunger, in particular, are ſubſervient to the Deſigns of the great, juſt, and good Governor, who, by that means, puniſhes, corrects, and tranſports the Inhabitants of one Country to another; procures them Deliverances, in which his Hand viſibly appears; takes Children out of the Hands of their Parents, who wou'd have made them as wicked as themſelves, by a bad Education, which would have hindred them from attaining a happy Immortality.

ALL the following Verſes on this Subject I think very excellent, and of an Elegance quite worthy the Pen of their Author. It is not poſſible to ſhew the Folly of a Man, who ſhould be in ſuch haſte as to require that his Virtue might be rewarded by a great Number of temporal Goods, in a more lively manner than Mr *Pope* has done it.

IN this vaſt, this immenſe Univerſe, the Product of the Almighty Power of the Creator, and the Temple of his Glory, I too have the Honour of being his Work, and the Object of his Care. Penetrated and fill'd with Joy at this Thought, I am contented with few Things, and whatever I receive ſeems no longer little to me, when it derives its Value from the Hand which honours me with it.

Verſe 171, Mr *Pope* ſays, that there are

Rewards, which either would to Virtue bring
No Joy, or be deſtructive of the Thing.

WHEN I read what follows upon the Inſufficiency of Riches to make us happy, upon Dignities which give no Honour to the Perſons who poſſeſs them, unleſs they make a good Uſe of them, and behave ſuitably to the Rank in which they are plac'd: When I read all this, I take Breath, I find myſelf at Liberty, I have no need of making violent Efforts to follow my Author through the Immenſity of Worlds, and I find myſelf deliver'd from the Danger of confound-

ing my Head, by a Collection of innumerable Springs, connected with one another, ſome of which produce the Charms of Virtue, and others the Horrors of Vice, but all of them equally neceſſary to the Preſervation of the Univerſe. One Virtue more, or one Crime leſs, would be the Effect of a Spring's being broke, or a Link intercepted, and from thence the Diſorder would multiply from one Part to another, and the Univerſe be in Danger of a total Overthrow. Mr *Pope* does me the Favour to lead me to the Contemplation of God upon this Earth, and under this Sun, where he has plac'd me. He gives me leave to form an Idea of myſelf from what I perceive in myſelf, of my Ideas which I ought to conſult, of my Liberty, which I ought to determine, to follow thoſe Ideas which are clear, and hinder me from chuſing precipitately, when this Clearneſs does not give me Light.

UPON theſe Principles are founded, both the Truth of Mr *Pope*'s Reflections, the Wiſdom of his Advice, and the Juſtneſs of his Cenſures. Deſtroy theſe Foundations, and all that we read in the laſt

Pages

Pages of his Book will amount only to high Expreſſions, and pompous Periods, but of no ſort of Uſe, apply'd to Machines. This Theory of Principles, and the Morality which is the Conſequence of it, put me in mind of a Preacher, who, after he had talk'd himſelf out of Breath, in proving that we can do nothing, at length takes time to regain it, aſſumes a new Vigor, and beſtirs himſelf to cenſure, threaten, and make thoſe fear the moſt dreadful Puniſhments, who ſhould neglect to fulfil that which is not in their Power ſo much as to begin.

Look next on Greatneſs, ſay where Greatneſs lies?
Ver. 207.

He proves extremely well that Greatneſs does not lie in what the Vulgar admire of it, any more than in what the moſt Part of thoſe who think themſelves great makes it conſiſt. Mr *Pope* ſhews how much Deceit and Littleneſs there are in their Notions, and it ſeems certain to me, that no reaſonable Man would be great at ſuch a Price, for he would have too much to reproach himſelf with; but

it does not follow from hence, that all thoſe, who are infatuated with Grandeurs of this Nature, reproach themſelves in this Manner with them, and by that means diſturb their Pleaſure. Vice is not always accompanied by Uneaſineſs, and is very far from being puniſh'd in this Life as much as it deſerves. There are certain Men, who are pleaſed with Tumult, and when in Dangers, are in their Element. They are in the wrong, but are far from agreeing that they are ſo, and their Grandeur will not ſuffer any one to tell it them. There are certain Perſons, who take Delight in Tricking and Confuſion.

BRING them to live in Peace and Innocence, at leaſt outwardly; remove from them all Opportunities of deceiving, and raiſing Confuſions; 'tis then that you puniſh them, and deprive them of all the Happineſs they knew any Thing of.

MEN form to themſelves Notions of Reſolution and Courage according to their Humour, and theſe Notions are often ridiculous. There was a certain Father, who eſpiſed one of his Sons as a Coward, becauſe

cauſe he would not fight with his Brother, merely to give a Proof of his Courage; and an elder Brother treated his younger as a Coward, becauſe he was afraid of getting ſome Miſchief in a bad Houſe.

SOCRATES, (*ver.* 226.) was a great Manin his Life, and appears ſtill greater in his Death; but it had been more agreeable to him to have liv'd, and been liſten'd to by his Fellow Citizens, than to ſee himſelf condemn'd to die by Poiſon.

What's Fame? that fancied Life in others Breath!
Ver. 227.

IT is certain that the Deſire of gaining a Name diſquiets and diſturbs our Repoſe, in proportion as it is vehement: The Diſputes, or rather Quarrels, of one Part of the Learned prove this but too much. A reaſonable Man confines his Cares to the Improvement of his Talents, and the rendering them uſeful to others, when he is advis'd to it, and has Opportunities for it; he is not troubled about the Succeſs. He loves Truth, and neglects nothing to make it reign in himſelf, and, if poſſible

poſſible in others. He loves all thoſe who aſſiſt him in this Deſign: He admires the Gifts of the Creator in them, and thinks himſelf oblig'd to them for the Uſe which they make of thoſe Gifts. If he holds the firſt, ſecond, tenth, or hundredth Rank among thoſe who endeavour at the ſame Deſign, theſe are Compariſons which he is far from entering into, and it is no Pleaſure to him to be entertain'd about them.

One ſelf-approving Hour whole Years out-weighs
Of ſtupid Starers, and of loud Huzza's. V. 246.

This is very true, with regard to a reaſonable Man; but if the Author pretends that with many People the Joy of ſeeing themſelves applauded by great Numbers, and thoſe too not the moſt diſcerning, ſo far from being ſuperior, is not equal to the Pleaſure of a wiſe Man, he may find himſelf miſtaken. As long as Folly laſts, and as long as there are People to cheriſh it, its Fits will be much more lively than the Satisfactions of a wiſe Man. Conſider a Company of Debauchees, ſinging, and giving themſelves up to every thing that

ſerves

ſerves to inflame their Deſires. Perhaps you might not deſire to reſemble them; but if you prefer a frugal Table, and a peaceable Converſation to their Feaſts, it is only becauſe your Duty does not ſuffer you to taſte the more lively Pleaſures of Senſuality. If theſe Pleaſures were in reality leſs, there would not be any Merit in refuſing them. *Fabricius* did not prefer his Turnips to the moſt exquiſite Viands of *Pyrrhus*'s Table, becauſe he found they had a better Taſte, but becauſe he preferr'd his Duty to the Pleaſures of his Palate. *Pyrrhus*'s Courtiers on the contrary, preferr'd the Pleaſure and Honour of eating at his Table much before their Duty, and had not ſo much as any Notion of the Preference that *Fabricius* made.

THE Preference of the one was much more valuable than that of the other: But to know which of them took the greateſt Pleaſure in their Choice, is what I cannot decide.

IN order to know too whether

---- *more true Joy* Marcellus *exil'd feels*
Than Cæſar *with a Senate at his Heels*, V. 248,

it is neceſſary to have been both *Cæſar* and *Marcellus* in their Turns, or been able to have look'd into their Souls, and weigh'd the Degrees of their Pleaſures. This depends on the Manner in which we look upon Things. One Man is ſenſible of his Duty, another does not trouble himſelf about it; one is diſtruſtful of himſelf, the other fears nothing, and his Pleaſures cannot be diſturb'd by any Apprehenſions. Such was *Cæſar*, and his Tranquillity was one Cauſe of his Ruin.

In Parts ſuperior what Advantage lies!
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe? V.255.

Mr *Pope* learned of *Horace* the Art of praiſing with ſo much Addreſs the Lord who honours him with his Friendſhip.

SUPERIOR Talents may be the Source of a great many Pleaſures. Firſt of all they contribute to enlighten us, and the Knowledge of Truth is a Happineſs the moſt conformable to our Nature, and moſt worthy our Attachment. If great Talents, and a very extenſive Genius, make us foreſee that we have much to fear, they inſtruct us no leſs ſurely in the Certainty of

of what we have learnt; otherwiſe what would Study ſignify? of what Uſe would it be to make Books? Does the great Talent, which Mr *Pope* has in making Verſes, amount only to teaching him how little he underſtands of it? If the Effects of this Talent had been ſuch, it would have ſignified nothing but to deceive himſelf, and deprive his Country of the Pleaſure of reading his Poetry.

NOTHING is better judg'd than the Remark of Mr *De Reaumur*, (Vol. III. de l'Hiſ. des Inſ.) *Shall we give ourſelves up to a total Ignorance, becauſe it is not permitted us to know all, nay, but a very little? Our Eyes cannot reach the Parts of thoſe great Objects which adorn the Heavens, nor even the Parts of Objects upon Earth, which are at a moderate Diſtance from us, yet nevertheleſs we enjoy the Pleaſure that our Eyes afford us, in giving us at leaſt a better View of the Bodies which ſurround us.*

WHEN Mr *Pope* intimates that ſeeing *all others Faults* (v.252.) is an Effect of ſuperior Parts, he confounds Abuſe with Uſe, and that which *is* done with that which *ought* to be done. It is an ill Cha-

Character to take Pleaſure in exaggerating the Faults of others. A Perſon of this Diſpoſition either puts a wrong Senſe on what he reads, in order to find Fault with it, or if he has the unhappy Talent of writing elegantly, either in Proſe or Verſe, upon the Faults of others, and of exaggerating them, he ſheds the Poiſon of his ill Nature into the Hearts of thoſe who hear or read him. He teaches them to ſhut their Eyes upon the Obligations they are under to the reſt of Mankind, and to forget the Value of thoſe Favours which God has beſtow'd on them. There are ſome Men in whoſe Sight all amounts to juſt nothing. Their Works are read with Pleaſure, becauſe they flatter the Malignity and Ingratitude of the human Heart: But their Converſation is troubleſome. They are amuſing Authors, but diſagreeable Neighbours.

IN the next Place, the more our Talents inſtruct us, and give us a Strength of Mind, the better do they teach us to behave ourſelves well.

LASTLY, if we perceive that the Uſe of theſe may render us uſeful to others, we

we devote them to their Service; if their Deſigns be not anſwer'd with Succeſs, we ſtill enjoy our Talents, together with that Pleaſure, which flows from the Remembrance of a generous Zeal, and diſintereſted Intentions.

IF, during the Life of ſome one of the Succeſſors of *Auguſtus*, certain Friends of the ancient Liberty had form'd a Deſign of re-eſtabliſhing the Authority of the People and Senate, and that their Talents did not meet with Succeſs, provided they had been puniſh'd only by a ſhort Exile, the Satisfaction of having had ſuch lawful Intentions and of having ventur'd ſo bravely would have ſerved them inſtead of Succeſs.

BUT if, after the Re-eſtabliſhment of Liberty, ſome ingenious Man of an enterpriſing Spirit, crafty, and a Lover of Diſturbance and Intrigues, had form'd a Deſign of retaining the deſpotic Government, which might ſeem more agreeable to his own Intereſt, and that his Project turn'd only to his Confuſion; would this Confuſion prove againſt the Uſe or Abuſe of ſuperior Parts?

WHEN Mr *Pope*, in order to prove that even ſuperior Parts contribute but little to our Happineſs, gives an Inſtance in his Hero and Friend, who did not reap an Advantage from his, proportionable to their Extent: This Proof has a very great Defect, for it proves too much. If we admit it as ſolid, we muſt make it reach to Virtue itſelf. The firſt *Brutus* had an extreme Averſion for Tyranny, and a great Zeal for the Liberty of his Fellow Citizens: Theſe are very valuable Virtues. What Advantage did he gain from them? The Sight of both his Sons expiring under the Rod and Ax, and the Loſs of his own Life in the firſt Battle which was fought in the Cauſe of Liberty againſt deſpotic Power. And the ſecond *Brutus*, as he was dying, complain'd that Virtue, which he had always ador'd, was only a fine Chimera, without any Reality. Thoſe will be diſappointed of their Expectation who adhere to Virtue, with a View to the Advantages they may reap from it in this Life. We muſt go further, if we would give it Reſolution. *Bring*

† P inful Preheminence, &c. V. 257.

Bring then theſe Bleſſings to a ſtrict Account,
Make fair Deductions, ſee to what they mount, &c.
Ver. 259.

IT is abſolutely neceſſary for one who would not do either an Hiſtorian, or the Perſons whoſe Lives he writes, Injuſtice, to be thoroughly inſtructed in the Motives and Circumſtances, and, in a Word, in the Reaſons of both Sides. 'Tis this which obliges me to Silence upon this Paragraph. I will content myſelf with a Remark upon the following Words:

There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe Scale of Happineſs compleat!
Ver. 277.

There is not one of theſe Bleſſings, but what may contribute to our Happineſs, even Fame itſelf; for (ſays Mr *Pope* V. 41.)

Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an Admirer, or would fix a Friend.
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All Pleaſures ſicken, and all Glories ſink.

BUT the general Error of all who flatter themſelves that they ſhall receive Be-

nefit from theſe Advantages, is, that they ſeek a compleat Happineſs in them; this is one of the firſt Remarks which I made you on this Subject of Happineſs.

Know then this Truth, enough for Man to know,
Virtue *alone is Happineſs below.* Verſe 300.

It is not poſſible to paraphraſe this Truth with greater Elegance than Mr *Pope* does through all this Period. There is only ſome Poetical Exaggeration in theſe two Verſes;

And where no Wants, no Wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain. V. 316.

It is certain that the very aſpiring to a greater Degree of Virtue is an Effect of Virtue: But we are not arrived to that Degree the Moment we wiſh for it; we muſt take pains to acquire it, and great Efforts are often neceſſary to ſurmount the Obſtacles which oppoſe themſelves to it. *The Bad muſt miſs* this Happineſs, that is very true; on the contrary, the *Good untaught will find it*, this is ſaying too much. I muſt make uſe of very great Efforts to follow Mr *Pope* in that *Chain*

that

that links the immenſe Deſign, and to learn, Verſe 327,

------ *From the Union of the riſing Whole,*
The firſt, laſt Purpoſe of the human Soul,
------- *Where Faith, Law, Morals all began,*
All end in Love of God, *and* Love of Man.

'Tis in vain that Mr *Pope* adds, that, as ſoon as a Perſon is enter'd into this Syſtem

For him alone, Hope *leads from Gole to Gole,*
And opens ſtill, and opens on his Soul;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, *and unconfin'd,*
It pours the Bliſs that fills up all the Mind.
Ver. 331, *&c.*

I confeſs, Sir, that I find myſelf incapable of following Mr *Pope* in the Flight that he takes. My Imagination would fain yield to the Pomp of his Words, but my Underſtanding refuſes it, and cannot lay hold on juſt Ideas to anſwer thoſe Words. I muſt confeſs too that I cannot even believe that Mr *Pope* experienced the extatic Motions that his Poetry deſcribes to us: As far as I can ſee, they cannot be any Thing but, either the Effect of a dull and ſervile Imagination, in-

fatuated with a Syſtem to which it gives itſelf up, tho' it does not underſtand this Syſtem; or of a more lively Genius, but a Foe to all Reſtraint, and delighted with thinking that it would be a Weakneſs to reflect and diſturb itſelf by Reproaches for its Actions, be they of what Nature they would. I have read in an Author called *Cuſteler*, in a Book intitled *Eſſay on the Art of natural and artificial Reaſoning, being a Guide to the Principles of univerſal Knowledge*; I remember to have read in this Book an extatic Deſcription of the Raptures with which its Author immerſed himſelf in the *Spinozian* Subſtance of the Univerſal Being, delighted with his Syſtem, where his wandering and diſturb'd Imagination ſought its Happineſs.

IT is impoſſible to perſuade me that, ſince the Uſe of Tobacco in Snuff and Smoaking, brought from *America* to *Europe*, one Pinch of this Snuff, or one Puff of this Smoak, ſhould enter into the great Chain, be united to the reſt of the Univerſe, and carry its Influences as far as the Planets of *Syrius*.

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I THINK I have a Right to make another Remark in this Place: *It* is, that all the Pleaſure with which we read what Mr *Pope* has ſo elegantly writ on the Beauty, Value, and Effects of Virtue, pleaſes only by its Conformity with the ordinary Ideas of common Senſe. It is difficult to bear ourſelves up continually in metaphyſical Abſtractions. From time to time we return to Nature, and think and act like free and active Creatures; and ſuppoſe thoſe Men to whom we addreſs ourſelves, to be indued with the ſame Faculties.

WHEN Mr *Pope* repreſents † Virtue as alone conſtituting the Happineſs of Man, or, at leaſt, his greateſt Happineſs, I think it would be Raſhneſs, Injuſtice, and an Affront to ſay that he thinks differently from what he ſpeaks. When he ſuppoſes then that the Univerſal Cauſe, in giving Life to all, both virtuous and vicious, has divided Happineſs in an equal Manner among them, and that Pride and Obſtinacy ſupply the Place of Merit in thoſe who want it, in order to make poſ-

† His greateſt *Virtue* — his greateſt *Bliſs*, V. 340,

their Pleaſure equal to that of thoſe who poſſeſs greater Talents, and make a good Uſe of them: When he ſuppoſes all this, I ſay, he expreſſes himſelf according to the Syſtem which he has a Deſign to turn into Ridicule, and to expoſe in Verſe, in order to make that Ridicule appear in the ſtronger Light; for in this Syſtem the Vicious who believe it, enjoy Peace, and have nothing to reproach themſelves with; every thing which they have done is RIGHT, and ſo connected to the Good of the *Whole*, that if it had fail'd there, the Univerſe would have been too imperfect a Work, and not worthy enough of its eternal Author.

Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine, V.343.
Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's Bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs Heart?

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Graſp the whole Worlds of Reaſon, Life and Senſe
In one cloſe Syſtem of Benevolence.
Happier as kinder in whate'er Degree,
And heighth of Bliſs but heighth of CHARITY.

My Charity is not capable of extending ſo far. *Ignoti nulla Cupido.* I muſt know in order to love: I ſhould be afraid in extending my Charity ſo ar, I might be

loſe Sight of thoſe to whom it ought to be apply'd, and imitate the Fault of a Perſon, who, out of a Zeal for his Countrymen, ſhould let his Eſtate fall to Decay, and ruin his Family by entirely devoting his Time to form political Projects.

IT muſt be confeſſed, that Mr *Pope*'s Virtue has made a very rapid and great Progreſs from his firſt Epiſtle to this fourth. At firſt he refuſed his Charity, even to the Sovereigns of the Earth, in order to indulge himſelf in a Pleaſure not very modeſt, namely, that of cenſuring and deſpiſing them. They are however to be pitied; for if they have Failings, how many Perſons are they ſurrounded with from their Infancy, whoſe only Buſineſs is to produce thoſe Failings, and confirm them in them, ſome with Deſign, and others out of Ignorance? The Concern which ought to be had for the Happineſs of Society, which the Virtues of Governors have ſo great an Influence on, ſhould engage every reaſonable Man to neglect nothing which may contribute to give them right Notions, and, above all, ſhould take care not to irritate them. It

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is with Difficulty that People liſten to thoſe by whom they think themſelves, either deſpiſed, or inſulted. But this Charity of Mr *Pope*, which was ſo reſtrained at firſt, very ſoon gets to extend itſelf beyond the Stars.

AT laſt Mr *Pope* deſcends from the Stars, and returns into the Society of us Mortals. He had reckon'd Fame as nothing (v. 227, *&c.*) but in the laſt Page he thinks fit to regard and give it a Place.

O! while along the Stream of Time, thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its Fame,
Say, ſhall my little Bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the Triumph, and partake the Gale?

IF I have ſucceeded, and have enter'd into the true Sentiments of Mr *Pope*, by conceiving him remote from a Syſtem which appears to me a horrible Collection of Reveries, I promiſe myſelf that he will think himſelf oblig'd to me; and if I am miſtaken in my Conjectures, and that the Syſtem which I have endeavour'd to oppoſe out of Zeal for him, is in Reality his own Syſtem, he cannot take it ill of me, without renouncing his Principles, for

or, according to him, all that I have thought, and all that I have written inevitably to come paſs. Both his Work and mine enter eſſentially into the great Chain. The Event proves this, and if either of us had forborn writing, there would have been a Void, an Interruption in the Chain and Springs, from whence great Miſchiefs might have aroſe, ſince the whole Univerſe would have felt it. So that the Charity with which Mr *Pope* embraces the whole, muſt induce him to congratulate me, himſelf, and all Beings upon my having taken up the Pen to write my Reflexions upon his Poem.

INDEED I am very ſenſible of his Liberality, in laviſhing the Epithets of *proud*, *blind*, and *mad*, upon thoſe who are not of the ſame Opinion as himſelf. But as for me, I take them for poetical Expreſſions; and as for him, he is obliged by his Syſtem to look upon my Pride, and Folly, and Blindneſs, as real Bleſſings, eſſential to the Univerſe, ſince it would be an imperfect Work, if there was any one Thing wanting of all that we ſee in it.

BUT however Mr *Pope* may think fit to look on this little Work of mine, if it ſhould ever fall into his Hands, I ſhall always have the Satisfaction of remembering that I have intereſted myſelf in his Honour, which yet muſt amount to nothing with the real and true Diſciples of that Syſtem which I have oppoſed. No one of them has been inſtructed by Mr *Pope*, neither their Eyes nor Ears have underſtood any thing of his Verſes. The Souls which accompanied the Machines that read them, receiv'd no ſort of Impreſſion, any more than one Pendulum by the Window is directed by another which touches the Door. The Notions and Sentiments of Meaſures, Rythms, Verſes, and, in a Word, Ideas exactly reſembling Mr *Pope*'s, aroſe in the Souls of thoſe Machines who have read his Poem, without his having in any Manner contributed to produce in them either the Senſation of Sound, the Idea of Verſes, or the underſtanding of their Signification. A great Number of Links, all connected with the univerſal Chain, determin'd a very great Number of *Engliſh* Souls to

turn

turn Poets by the Conformity of their Ideas and Sentiments with what was excited in the Soul of Mr *Pope*, and beſides this, they fancy'd themſelves to have receiv'd from him what they receiv'd from an innumerable and unavoidable Succeſſion of Combinations.

THUS, Sir, I have given you an Inſtance of my Readineſs to oblige you, by writing you my Reflexions on Mr *Pope*'s Eſſay. I will further add a Converſation which I had with a young Gentleman, who had been ſomewhat perplexed by reading certain Paſſages of the Syſtem, and by the Reſpect he had for one of its Defenders. *Do not you agree*, ſaid he to me, *that the Night ſerves to heighten the Splendour of the Day? And why ſhould not the Deformity of Vice be neceſſary to ſet off the Beauty of Virtue?* Nothing, anſwer'd I, is more unreaſonable than a Compariſon eſtabliſh'd upon a pretended Relation between Objects quite different from thoſe that are really united. The Night has its Beauties very worthy of their Author. Its Coolneſs is entirely neceſſary for the Earth. Will any one dare to ſay, that the Advantages, which reſult to Man-

kind from Vice, are of the ſame Nature? It will ſignify nothing for you to ſay, that the Deformity of Vice ſerves to ſet the Charms of Virtue in a ſtronger Light. Vice is not deform'd, if it be, as well as Virtue, the Work of the univerſal Cauſe, and, 'tis the Ignorance of Men that gives it this Title of deform'd. Suppoſe a Man coming back from a long Voyage, who had liv'd for ſome Years in a Country ſuch as that of the *Illinois**, whoſe Cuſtoms and Religion are to be read in a little Work, intitled, *An Eſſay on Providence*. This Traveller relates to us, that Treaſon, Violence, Lying, and Debauchery, are Things unknown in that Country; that Honeſty, Sincerity, an obliging Carriage, Sobriety, Continence, and Fidelity, are become ſo habitual, that no one deviates from them. Will you give him for Anſwer, "Alas! what an unhappy Country is this! Virtue can neither be known, or valued there. How were you able to bear the Fatigue of ſo uniform a Life? For my Part I muſt live in great Cities, I muſt be-

* The *Illinois* are a People of *North America*.

behold People hang'd, and rack'd, and hear Trials fill'd with Infamy, Abominations, Poiſonings, Murders. After this I go with the greater Pleaſure into the Company of a good Man; I liſten to his Diſcourſes upon Virtue with the greater Attention. The Ideas which I have been revolving in my Mind, and with which my Imagination was ſtruck, are an *Interlude* that excites my Appetite for Goodneſs: It is with this View, that the Creator of the Univerſe has diſplay'd all his Power, to people the Earth with Vices and vicious Perſons, and to interſperſe them in ſuch great Numbers. Let us then look with Pleaſure and Approbation upon every thing that *is*, and let our Charity, inſtead of being confin'd to the Virtuous, extend ſo far as to love and embrace both the Vicious and their Vices, which are Pieces altogether neceſſary to the Perfection of the Univerſe."

A CERTAIN Father, a very good Man, has ſix Sons, four of which are very virtuous. The univerſal Cauſe, in order to increaſe the Pleaſure that their Father finds in the Virtue of theſe four,

takes care to create a Wickedneſs in the other two, which brings one of them to the Gallows, and the other to the Rack. Is there a Father in the World, who would find it agreeable to have his Pleaſure aſſiſted and increaſed in ſuch a Manner as this?

WHOEVER has Need of the Proſpect of Vice, in order to render the Beauty of Virtue more lovely to him, and the Poſſeſſion of it more lively and agreeable, has no ſort of Diſpoſition either for the Knowledge or Love of Virtue.

IT is difficult, not to ſay impoſſible, to pleaſe all the World. Some Perſons of Merit, who had read Mr *Pope*'s Eſſay, came into my Study, and, after having read there ſome Part of my Examination, ſeem'd greatly offended that I had undertaken to apologize for Mr *Pope*. Can any one be ſo blind, ſaid they, as not to be convinc'd of Mr *Pope*'s Deſign, and his Errors? I confeſs'd to them, that I did not find myſelf *forc'd* to imagine, that perhaps in the main he thought reaſonably. It ſeem'd to me, that good Breeding adviſ'd me to it, but I did not per-

perceive that it *commanded* me. I did it becauſe I had a Mind to it, I was determin'd by a Choice entirely free, and in that I found an indubitable Proof of my Liberty.

I SHOULD not have ſuch a Power, anſwer'd one of my Friends. I have read Mr *Pope*'s Eſſay, and I never had greater Need of Patience. I uſed many Endeavours to find ſome reaſonable Senſe in it, but to no Purpoſe; ſometimes I lit upon ſophiſtical Diſtinctions, ſometimes upon contradictory Antitheſes, and ſometimes upon Deciſions, equally bold, and without Proofs, and, in a word, ſometimes upon long Periods fill'd with pompous Nonſenſe. I may ſay, however, that I bore very patiently the frequent and obliging Titles of *proud*, *blind* and *Fool*, which he gives to all who do not believe his Notions, and by which he would invite, and even force them to be inſtructed, and think like him.

As there is nothing more oppoſite to his Syſtem than that of Chriſtianity, if one ſhould ask the Diſciples he may have made, the Proſelytes he may have per-

ſuaded, how it comes that for eighteen Ages there have been Chriſtians upon the Earth? They muſt anſwer, if they are well eſtabliſh'd in the Hypotheſis, That God was happily and unavoidably determin'd, by the Excellence of his Nature, to make a Monade the moſt perfect that could be, and that, in order to give it this high Degree of Perfection, it was neceſſarily requiſite that the ſupreme and univerſal Cauſe ſhould create proud, blind, and mad Men of all Sorts. If we continue to aſk them, Where are then the Modeſt, the Learned and the Wiſe? Amongſt us, will they anſwer. The proud Believer ſays, That for his Part he is willing to adhere to reveal'd Knowledge, and even to ſuch Knowledge as is within the Reach of his Capacity, *leaving ſecret things to God*, which he does not indulge himſelf in an Inclination to penetrate into. But as to us, who are truly humble and modeſt, we make it our Obligation to ſound the Depths of God, the infinite Being, in order to find there the Neceſſity of giving Birth, univerſally, to all that exiſts, and even of making all Men the Gift of Pride, in a Doſe proportion'd

to

to the Want their Folly has of it, in order to comfort it for its Weakneſs. Here I interrupted him, *Will you not impute*, ſaid I, *the Care which he takes to put us on a Level with Brute Animals, to his Modeſty?* But he ſtill perſiſted in believing, that he did it out of a Motive of Senſuality, and Zeal for the ancient Religion, which was common to Beaſts and Men. I ſhould never have done, if I would write you all the Converſation we held on this Subject, during the remaining Part of the Day. If he could write Verſes, I believe he would compoſe an *Anti-Pope*, as a very great Man did an *Anti-Lucretius*; of which the Public has ſeen ſome Part, which make People of Taſte very much long for the Whole.

No, ſaid my zealous Friend (who wants nothing but Rhyme to make him a Poet) I cannot think, without Indignation, that any one ſhould take pleaſure in reading the moſt venerable Expreſſions profaned. *Faith* to be called an Aſſent and an obſtinate Adherence to a Syſtem of Reveries, and abſolutely without Probability

or

or Proof. *Hope*, the Perſuaſion of being always a *Monade*, that is to ſay, a ſimple Subſtance, in which Imaginations, that have an harmonious Relation to ſome organized Body, ſhall ſucceed one after another. *Charity*, an Affection for all the inviſible Strings which put the Machines of both Virtuous and Vicious into play.

I PERCEIVE that my Work increaſes while I am writing, therefore I will not add a great many other Reflections, which have occurr'd to my Mind, and which continually preſent themſelves to me. I reſerve them for a larger Work, in which I deſign to revenge Geometry, for the Affront that has been given to it by a long Chain of Sophiſms being ranged after the Manner of its Propoſitions, Theorems, and Definitions.

I WILL conclude then with one Remark, which is, That of all Syſtems, that of the *Leibnitzians* furniſhes the moſt Proofs of the Univerſe's being made for Man; a Preſumption which Mr *Pope* ſeems ſo greatly offended with.

THE Earth, from Age to Age, and from Time to Time, whoſe Origin, according

cording to theſe Gentlemen, is hid from us, has been peopled with Machines, which are called human Bodies; and the Univerſe has been conſtituted from its Original in ſuch a Manner, and ſuch an Impulſe has been impreſſed on the ſeveral Parts that compoſe it, that by virtue of this Conſtruction, and this firſt Impulſe, and its neceſſary Conſequences, theſe Machines, the human Bodies, punctually execute all the Volitions of certain Monades, or human Souls, let them be what they will, virtuous or vicious, in Order or Diſorder, conform or contrary to Nature, reaſonable or extravagant, eſtimable or criminal, horrid, infamous. By virtue of the Conſtitution of the Univerſe, and the Connection of all its Parts, the Machines of the human Body are under a Neceſſity of executing theſe Volitions as exactly as if themſelves directed them. Thus the whole Univerſe is formed to be ſubſervient ſometimes to the Wants, and at others to the Extravagancies of us Monades, whoſe Life paſſes in a continual Illuſion.

WE might carry this Reaſoning farther, and a Man, treated by Mr *Pope* with the Expreſſions of *little, blind, and weak Being*, might anſwer, "You who criticiſe "on me do not conſider what you ſay. "All the Thoughts of us little Monades "are Links and Springs, that ſerve to "keep up the Movements and Order of "the *Whole*. If I ſhould take it into my "head to have ſober Thoughts when "this *Whole* requires mad ones, all the "Play of this great Machine would be "overſet by it, there would be Links "wanting to theſe Chains, and certain "Springs would be put out of Play." Will Mr *Pope* ſilence the *Monade*, by anſwering, *O preſumptuous and blind Monade, learn, that thou haſt never determin'd thyſelf, but been determin'd always by external Cauſes, unknown to thee, but to which, nevertheleſs, thou art inevitably ſubjected?* 'Tis thus that the Syſtem of Fatality and that of Irreligion lend one another a mutual Defence.

BUT tho' it be demonſtrated, that the Overthrow of Religion is the natural Conſequence of this Syſtem, "What

"do

" do you concern yourſelf about? *ſay they*, " Have not you read, in Monſ. *Baille*, " that Men are guided by Paſſion, and " not Ideas? Were you not charm'd with " the Picture he has given, of a Society " of Atheiſts?" You have read, Sir, what I have wrote upon this Subject, in my *Examination of Pyrrhoniſm*. I am not ignorant that the having a ſincere Perſuaſion of Religion is enough to make a Perſon be eſteem'd, by theſe Gentlemen, to have but a very low Underſtanding. I am not at all ſhaken by this, and indeed look upon being contemn'd by them as a real Honour.

F I N I S.

In the Preſs,

Tranſlated likewiſe from the French *of Mr* Crouſaz.

A COMMENTARY on Mr *POPE's Principles of Morality*, or, *Eſſay on Man*, being a more minute Enquiry into the Tendency of the ſaid Principles, occaſioned by a Letter written to Mr *Crouſaz*, concerning his Examination.

To which are added,

The Abbe *du Reſnel's* Preliminary Diſcourſe on *Engliſh* and *French* Poetry, and ſome curſory Obſervations by the Tranſlator.

N. B. As the Commentary is built upon the Abbe *du Reſnel's* Tranſlation of the Eſſay into *French* Verſe the entire Tranſlation is inſerted, with an interlineary *Engliſh* Verſion, exactly correſpondent to the *French*, for the Uſe of thoſe who do not underſtand that Language, or are newly engaged in the Study of it.